



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

23455

14.15

WIDENER



HN N981

PHAON AND SAPPHO

—
POEMS
—

J. A. D. BRIDGER,
BOOKSELLER, NEW & SECOND-HAND,
MARKET JEW ST., PENZANCE.

*Secretary Peter
Redman*

23455.14.15

Harvard College Library

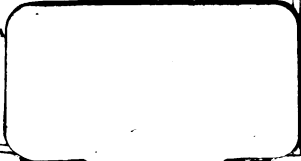


FROM THE BEQUEST OF

SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH

(Class of 1789)

LATE LIBRARIAN





116

0

PHAON AND SAPPHO,

A PLAY,

WITH SELECTION OF POEMS,

BY J. D. HOSKEN.

PENZANCE :

F. RODDA, STEAM PRINTER.

1891.

234.55.14.15



Shapleigh fund

AUTHOR'S PREFATORY NOTE.

I am unwilling to let "Phaon and Sappho" pass from my control into the outer world without a word of apology for one or two anachronisms, which if not apparent to the general reader, will readily suggest themselves to the scholar. It will be seen that Melanthus in putting his daughter's innocence to the test of arms, adopts the manners of chivalry, in which the fundamental ideas with regard to womanhood were entirely different from those held by the Greeks, during the time in which the events of this Play are supposed to have had place.

The nearest approach to the tournament of chivalry in classic writers is the contest between Paris and Menelaus, in the III Book of the Iliad, where the chance of victory as deciding the virtue of a third person is never once dreamed of, to the Greek such a subtilty would be above the proof of a physical issue!

Also it may be said that Grecian ideas were insufficient to express the fulness and entirety of human life, according to the usages of the modern Playwright as its exponent :— accordingly here and there some words may suggest ideas which were unknown to the Greek before the institution of Christianity ; but which are perfectly at home in a work—

"Withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime."

At this time so prolific in criticism, it would be rather late to point out anachronisms similar to those which I have alluded to in my own work, in the writings of some of the first rate minds of the past.

I leave Phaon and Sappho therefore to those who are able to take the impression of an unsophisticated human nature and age, uncurbed by the critical element which surrounds the conventionalities of modern life.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Phaon and Sappho	1—99
Genius and Love	100
Dirge	100
Queen Boadicea's Song	101
Song	101
Destiny	102
Make no Sweet Promises	102
Song	103
The Doubt	103
The Youth and the Harp	104
Summer	106
May Day	107
A Wish	107
Hymn to Music	108
O ! should we meet again	109
Counsel	110
The Order of the World	111
A Memory of Love	111
To the Old Year	112
Music	112
The Parting	113
Alone	113
A Lover's Meditation on his Lady	114
Love and Earth's Echoes	114

PHAON AND SAPPHO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMOLEON, *Governor of Lesbos.*
PELEON, *Prince of Epire.*
SESTRIS, *Prince of Egypt.*
PHAON, *young Nobleman of Lesbos.*
CLEON, *Kinsman to Sappho.*
MELANTHUS, *Father to Hera.*
MEMNON,
CRATES, } *Magistrates*
ARISTARCHUS, } *of*
PELOPIDAS, } *Lesbos.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Priest.*
LEONIDAS, *Spartan Soldier, Friend of*
Phaon.

ATHENAGORAS, *a Philosopher.*
ICARO, *young Gentleman.*
BRASIDAS, *old Servant of Phaon.*
LEON, *Boy Attendant of Sappho.*
BRASS, *Timoleon's Butler.*
Town Crier of Mytilene.
SAPPHO, *the Ward of Cleon.*
IOLE, *Companion of Sappho.*
PENELOPE, *Aunt to Sappho.*
HERA, *a Lady.*
Attendants.
Soldiers, Officers, Musicians, and
others.

SCENE.—Mytilene in Lesbos, and Neighbourhood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Mytilene. *A Public Place.*

Enter PHAON and LEONIDAS.

Phaon. Chide not the gentler humour of my mind ;
For custom, and the habit of our lives
Transform th' intent of nature in ourselves.
The warlike institutions of your state
Do give a martial tenor to your thoughts,
Which else might be a shepherd's, lover's, fool's,
Born in a state with lesser discipline ;
And you might lay you down in wanton ease,
And with your fancies fill the idle time,

Throughout the golden afternoons of Greece,
 Gazing, through the transparent violet air,
 At those old habitations of the Gods,
 Which lift their rocky foreheads to the clouds.
 O ! doubt it not, 'tis the caprice of fate,
 Ruling the circumstances of our birth,
 That makes us, this, or that.

Leonidas. Be as you are :
 I will not vex you with a bantering tongue ;
 But that put by, I do confess I would
 See you possess a healthier relish of life :
 You are no lover, thus to have your brow
 Wrapped in the sable shadow of a thought :
 You are but young in years, your course bids fair,
 You have command of wealth, friends, influence ;
 The ancient grandeur of your family
 Entitles you to reverence and respect :
 Though, as a Spartan, I am taught to look
 Upon these things as straws, superfluous,
 And therefore should find other things to praise ;
 Yet, knowing it would be but labour lost,
 To shew you up the value of your life
 According to a foreign estimate,
 I, as a Mytilenian, speak to you.
 Here comes a different thinker.

[*Enter ICARO.*

Icaro. Midnight again !
 O ! what a treasure melancholy is,
 That men—and one especially—hug it so.
 Have you the toothache, Phaon, or the stitch ?
 Or are you on an everlasting search
 For something dropped upon the dusty earth,
 You walk with downward gaze ?

Phaon (aside). Prevalent remark.

(*aloud*). Icaro, I have lost my former self.

Icaro. Then come with me, and in a cup of wine
 I'll conjure up that absent excellence
 That used to be the essence of all mirth,
 Drained through the finest sieve of scholar's wit ;
 Or I'll invoke the devil out of you

By the bare aspiration of a sigh. (*sighs*)
 If you are lost in thought, I'll find your thought,
 And bring you gently back your former self ;
 If you are lost in love, I'll find you there.
 Lost to yourself, be not to others lost,
 Or I shall get the crier of the town
 Proclaiming you as such ; I'll Phaon find
 Or ears are deaf, or eyes most surely blind.

Phaon. I am no bankrupt.

Icaro. That's a too thriving trade
 For men to wear sad faces on, I think.

Phaon. Nor yet in love.

Icaro. Less cause for sadness that.

Phaon. Nor troubled with much thought.

Icaro. Then why not merry
 Seeing you have no reason to be sad ?
 Methinks some stranger soul doth tenant you.
 Warlike Leonidas, you stand aside—
 How is my Spartan ?

Leonidas. Would Phaon were as well.

Icaro. He is a gentleman dear to us all,
 And therefore we must grieve to see him thus.

Leonidas. Your sympathy for him makes you my friend ;
 Speak to him further, I perceive your words
 Rouse him above his wont.

Icaro. Phaon ! the news !
 The Princes of Epire and Egypt come,
 Being students and companions from their youth,
 In visitation to our honoured Isle ;
 Lesbos being in the line and route of travel
 That they propose to go. Come with us now,
 And you will see their landing, and their state :
 The bustle and commotion of the day
 Will help to dissipate your darker mood
 By loss of individuality
 Among a crowd that spurs your interest up.
 'Tis a prime remedy !

Phaon. No, not to-day.

Icaro. My efforts being spent I haste away. [Exit.

Leonidas. My gentle friend, your life and interest have
A habitation large within my heart ;
Say, can I not persuade you any way
To taste the stirring pleasures of the day ?
Come, let me exercise that mild command
Which friends put forth in love.

Phaon. Leonidas,
I am a burden to your noble care,
More than my state it grieves me to be so—
I will not tie you constant to my side,
It is mere selfishness.

Leonidas. Farewell awhile,
I'll come to you at evening—Be a man !

Phaon. Best men are like myself at times,—farewell !
[Exit LEONIDAS.

Here comes my man. [Enter BRASIDAS.

Brasidas. Sir, sir, I've sought you long.

Phaon. And having found me, what would Brasidas ?

Brasidas. Your fits of absence and of solitude
Make me most anxious about your estate.
Come, come, my Lord, I am your elder, think,
Listen to understanding and good words—
I have been twice in every street to-day
Searching you out : so I have found you now—
Well, no more words about't, come home, come home,
It is not safe for you to walk alone—
Trust me—come home.

Phaon. By Jove ! what do you mean ?
Think you I am a helpless lunatic ?
What eccentricity, or strange mark have I,
That makes the common eye single me out
From madder mortals ? Brasidas ! go home !
If you persist in boring me this way,
I shall forget your ancient kindnesses
And term of faithful services. [Exit BRASIDAS.

Yet am I mad,
If madness is a loss of balance here ;

And that I am unhinged in some strange way,
 Th' unsettled working of my thoughts displays :
 And yet it is not madness ; but a loss
 Of healthy energy ; life flags with me.
 I have not lent my youthful vigour out
 Unto lascivious courses, and so gnaw'd
 The wormwood of a stale satiety.
 There is a craving in my inmost soul
 For some unknown and unpronounced want,
 That shall absorb and dominate my life ;
 Yet what it is I know not, nor can name
 An undefined desire within myself ;
 I do sustain a loss of that quick sense
 Which did perceive all beauty, and I miss
 The fresh enjoyment of my younger life,
 When I should have it strongest. O despair !
 Heaven send me something to arouse my life,
 Or I shall bid my hastily winged prayers
 Climb the Olympian hill, petitioning
 Jove to dry up the taper of my life,
 And send me hence. I will not home as yet,
 But walk awhile beside the foaming seas. [Exit.

SCENE 2.—*The Sea Shore near Mytilene.*

Enter SAPPHO.

Sappho. Escaped the city with its restless life,
 Here am I free. O Nature ! I to thee
 Render my uncorrupted homage ; in Thee
 I read the large benevolence of the Gods,
 Whose indistinct and shadowy forms are seen
 Before imagination's forming eye,
 Within thin veils of clouds and curling waves :
[Enter PHAON at a distance.
 This gift of song within me is a joy
 Above the understanding of the world,
 And all my heart is Nature's—nothing human
 Pollutes, or shall pollute that shrine of love.

A disembodied spirit would I be
 Above the hill of Jove, where I might quaff
 Pleasures which th' high natures of the Gods
 Are only privileged with. Who comes this way
 Alone, and full of thought?

Phaon (aside). O eye, feast there.

Sappho (aside). Is this a Deity in mortal form,
 Wrung by the ardent longing of my thought
 From some recess in heaven?

Phaon (aside). It is in vain.
 Within this moment, if I leave the shore
 I am a changed man, even on the instant,
 By this frail thing of beauty.

Sappho (aside). That face, my fate!

Phaon (aside). O eye, you play the glutton at this feast,
 And like a wonder stricken churl, you cheat
 The tongue of its office. (*aloud*) Pardon gracious stranger—
 I have intruded on your solitude—
 Send me away, my will is powerless
 To tear me hence—not one word from those lips?
 If that the instrument doth look so fair,
 What must the music be that breathes from it?
 I take your silence for my word—farewell.

Sappho. Yet stay. (*aside*) Alas! I'm broken at my shrine!

Phaon. Elysian strain! I live!

Sappho. You are a stranger.

O sir, tho' all have liberty here to walk,
 Yet do I pray you of your courtesy
 To leave this place to me. And yet go not—
 Go not, or go, you shall resolve the doubt.

Phaon. Sweet excellence, scorn not at nature's tongue;
 The deepest chords within me you have stirred;
 As tho' the wing of some air travelling God
 Had touched the strings of a disused Lyre;
 As I an instantaneous change do feel,
 And my old nature drops away from me,
 So will I tie description of my state
 In one sweet word, list!—love.

Sappho. I am too young
 To doubt the tongues of earth, less am I able
 To doubt the words that issue from a form
 Such as I now behold.

Phaon. Require an oath,
 I will invoke the ears of all the Gods
 Within the hollow of this universe
 My swearing to attest. O ! I am true
 As daylight to the earth.

Sappho (aside). That love is blind
 Was never meant for mortals to attest,
 For thro' the seeing eye, love finds the heart.
 O truth too dearly learn'd by me this hour !
 The little power that chiding reason hath,
 Is urged against this sudden passion thus :
 Love by a due reflection should gain way,
 As wavy dawn first heralds in the day ;
 Not in one moment spring to rapturous birth—
 Nay, but it is a proverb old as earth,
 " First sight, first love." I do love honesty ;
 How can I play the hypocrite towards thee,
 Sweet youth, with that divine look in thine eyes,
 And for my virgin sake meet truth with lies ?
 It is as tho' some dear desire as vast
 As time's circumference, were suddenly cast
 Within a moment's scope and power with me—
 I am a feather on a boundless sea ;
 O youth, I love thee with a vehemence
 Above the sanction of my innocence :
 But yet, I never can confess the same
 And so I perish in my own true flame :
 Peace and myself part here.

Phaon (aside). Ever adverse fate !
 Why dost thou torture mortals with a sight
 Of rare felicity, then cheat their hopes ?
 See with what dignity she moves away,
 Affrighted by my ardent curbless words ;
 I cannot see my heaven so slip from me.
 (*Aloud.*) Goddess, nor yet if human, less divine !
 List ! do not scorn the privileg'd tongue of love

Which never yet abused its liberty,
 Without forswearing its compelling power !
 Go not, nor leave me desolate, hear me ! hear me !
 Alas ! thou art as cold as are the words
 Of custom, or the world's commiseration ;
 And yet there is no help !

Sappho (*Turning towards him*). Unkind reproach !
 Look on me, ere you judge me to be cold.

Phaon. Dear transformation ! If this be a dream
 May I no more awake. [*They Embrace.*]

Sappho. Peace, let me go.

Phaon (*releasing her*). And being free where would'st
 thou fly my love ?

Sappho. Back to that breast again—I am subdued.

Phaon. Sweet excellence, and if you went from me,
 My life would be a journey after you,
 And like a traveller in a winter night,
 Knowing nothing of the way ; or shall I say
 Where'er you were, whether by night or day,
 Your beauty would create another morn,
 And I should find your habitation by
 Its situation 'neath a double day ?
 Without you I am nothing.

Sappho. Quick coming joy !
 Thou comest as suddenly to our hemisphere
 As Hermes to the earth.—How brief is fate
 In wrapping up our little destinies
 Within a minute's wing.—Since I avow
 My love for thee, may I not call thee love ?
 Thou art my love ; O ! how that gentle word
 Flutters between my lips.

Phaon. Here could I stay,
 Wasting the hours of an eternity
 In such time—envied bliss.—By what name pray
 Are you called in this world ? for in yon heaven
 You must have one more noble.

Sappho. Sappho. And yours ?

Phaon. Phaon, and here in Lesbos was I born,

Tho' for some years I have at Athens been,
Pursuing there my studies.

Sappho. Happy return
To Mytilene!

Phaon. Are you native there?
I am a Mytilenian—joy on joy!
The nearer neighbourhood for love the better.

Sappho. I'll have a messenger to meet you here,
Upon the concave of this rustling shore,
Whereon the billows stretch themselves and die,
To tell you when I next will meet with you.
It must be oft.

Phaon. Can it too frequent be?
What ravishing music murmurs from your lips—
"It must be oft." I will attend on you
As constant as the shadow of the world
Thrown on the orb paved heaven.—One city then
Contains us and our fate, and we shall meet
Each other often here—O happiness!
Apollo, as thou wert a lover once,
Do thou, out of thy sympathy to us,
Drive back thy chariot and prolong the day,
That this sweet interview may last awhile,
For I am like an untried Bacchanal
Who takes a goblet of delicious wine,
He sips and lingers o'er, fearing to take
A larger draught of pleasure, lest he die
With sheer delight.

Sappho. O Phaon, we must part.
The day hath spent its fury out, and light
Dies slowly upward from the valley's depths
Along the mountain's side, until its peak
Retains the last gold spark of hurrying day,
Flung like a fair memorial of his love
Back to the grieving earth; but he will rise,
And with him our new life of happiness—
Nay, I do know your thoughts before you speak—
It is not wise to follow, part we here.

Phaon. I have no power to contradict your wish,

Though love for you should rule my adverse thought.
 Borrow some moments from the future, Sweet,
 And let us spend them now : we will repay
 The times to come with interest.—Dear, my love
 Is still a glutton, and the taste of fare
 Makes it more hungry than the miss of it ;
 But barely seeing you I might go hence,
 But hearing what I have 'tis hard to go :
 O Sappho ! all my life was filled with pain
 Until I met you ; when I leave you now
 Darkness comes back upon me, but increased
 By love's late revealed knowledge.

Sappho. Phaon my love,
 Darkness and pain—I'll drive them with a smile
 Beyond the utmost lashing of the sea,
 And I will sing to you, until I wake
 The dormant vision in your memory
 Of a young maiden, by the falling seas,
 Kissing your care away.

Phaon. Call it up now.
 Immortal joy that time can never dull,
 Yet subject to a moment !

Sappho. Do not go,
 I have thee now : if I lose sight of thee,
 What equals my despair ! and yet, my love,
 To-morrow will not tarry.

Phaon. No words can ease
 The impetuous longing of my too full heart—
 Would I could hold thee ever !

Sappho. Phaon, alas !
 I am the weaker, after all is said ;
 How can I let you go, and welcome night ;
 The parting soul gives not a greater wrench
 Unto the body than this farewell gives
 To Sappho now.

Phaon. Sweet words and looks are vain
 Since we must part : it is a little pain
 Set off against our future heaven of bliss,
 I seal myself your own by this and this.

[*Kisses her.*]

Sappho. I cannot say farewell, I'll look farewell,
The very word would wake my sorrow up.
Be here to-morrow. [Going.

Phaon. So brief. My heart.

Sappho (Coming back). Not so.
Yet I will say farewell, for parting thus
Is like going hungry, after some great feast,
My love—adieu !

Phaon. My day-star ! fare you well.
Now, shake off sorrow, we shall meet again,
And shortly too.

Sappho. O Phaon mine, farewell ! [Exit.

Phaon. Changed in a day ! new life, new everything—
This love has purged me of my former self ;
I will away and fill the night with dreams,
Which shall be prophets of my future bliss. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Mytilene. *A Public Place.*

*Enter TIMOLEON, CLEON, MEMNON, CRATES, ARISTARCHUS
and PELOPIDAS, met by PELION and SESTRIS, attended :
Soldiers acting as a Guard.*

Timoleon. Princes, we bid you welcome to our state,
And to what entertainment we can give,
Though in an Island fashion. These men of note,
My fellows in the government of Lesbos,
Speak also in my welcome.

Peleon. Timoleon
And you, sirs, make us debtors to yourselves
By your great kindness, and attendant honours ;
I am most glad to be your guest awhile,
And shall repay your favour.

Timoleon. When asked, you may my lord.

Sestris. My noble and most hospitable friends,
After the doubtful favours of the sea,
It is some solace to be met like this ;

This shall be noted in my memory,
 If for no other use, to call to mind
 That I still owe a kind thought to a world
 Too much condemned at random. Thanks, my lords!

Timoleon. It is an ancient custom of our isle
 For strangers to be entertained by him
 Who is our eldest: therefore, princes, look,
 I introduce you to your ancient host,
 The venerable Cleon.

Cleon. Hail! princes, you are welcome
 Unto the table and the roof of one
 Who may have played with both your grandfathers,
 When those were young, and playing with the breasts
 Of Grecian dames, who now have scarcely hair
 To cover o'er the making of their skulls
 Before the thinking eye: Welcome! most welcome!
 And you shall blazon to the credulous earth
 Our Mytilenian hospitality.
 Give each a hand.—There's mine!

Sestris. Good sir, your note
 Is of a coin oft tested, and proved sound,
 The greater honour to us.

Peleon. So say I,
 If that our future travels prove to be
 As pleasant and as teaching as the past,
 Then will our education come to bloom
 By best experiences, and virtue grow
 By contact with good men.

Timoleon. Guards form, and onward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Garden of MELANTHUS.*

Enter MELANTHUS and PELEON.

Melanthus. The eye commands the city from this ground.
 See where the Star Extinguisher, the God
 That doth reveal, hurls down his angular shafts
 Upon yon marble front—that is our temple;

While farther to the westward—mark my hand—
 There be our theatres and council hall :
 We are a group of men marked out, and proverb'd on
 For our great love to Lesbos.

Peleon.

Noble distinction !

It is a thing we are particular in
 At Epire, I think it does you honour :
 You have, I think, the privilege to be proud
 Of such a state, and renowned institutions
 Made perfect to their ends, by wisdom wrung
 From the considerations of ages gone ;
 They who do love their country well, it seems
 Do well the other offices of life,
 And crown all virtues.

Melanthus.

Pass to the other side,

For there we catch the eastern view of Lesbos. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter HERA, with a basket, gathering flowers.

Hera. That should be Peleon with my father yonder.
 There seems to fall a coil upon my life
 From which I cannot extricate myself ;
 For but a summer since, even at Epire,
 I met the princely Peleon, and did grow
 To be acquainted with him. Many a time
 Would he seek out my hours of privacy,
 And tell me stories to amuse the time,
 Until my patient hearing, and our friendship,
 Gave him the liberty to speak of love,
 Which still I held aloof from, while I put
 His discourse from the mark. Now, here he comes,
 And by the chances of a traveller's fate
 Lights on me and renews his former vows,
 With the addition that this very day
 I should return an answer to his love,
 Letting him know the fortune of the aim
 That he pursues. So much hath he exacted,
 And I consented to. Did he know the bias
 With which my heart inclines to him, he would
 Have cause for joy. How can I answer him
 Before I know my father's disposition
 Towards our love? and I, poor coward, alas !

Have not the hardihood to break my case
 Unto my father's ear, for he, I think, would die
 Did he know that my preference goes for one
 To his disparagement,— he would view it so,
 Blinding himself to the relationship
 Which various motives binds. [Enter PELEON.

Peleon. Thou gracious sight!
 That with thy beauty makest a medicine
 For th' wearied eye,—as love is still
 An enemy to suspense and to delay,
 Frame words that now shall mirror forth to me
 Hope or despair.

Hera. Prince, that this is the day
 Wherein your oft urged love craves yea or nay,
 My memory, being no traitor to my promise,
 Hath told me oft since morn; but yet, Prince Peleon,
 Time, that makes all things plain to patent minds,
 Unties no knot in the perplexity
 Which makes me barren of decision now:
 I cannot answer you to-day, my lord,
 More than I could when you did ask me first;
 Give me another week to think of it,
 And I will be direct.

Peleon. Lady, you trifle,
 It wants no long time to cast up the odds
 On this side and on that. The case being known,
 Our judgments of it do not gain or lose
 By such procrastination. Will you answer?

Hera. You have no warrant to be so peremptory;
 I do not love coercive arguments;
 I will not fail you, I will answer you:
 Give me a little longer.

Peleon. And then again
 You will request another longer time,
 Like the Greek sage lost in the thought of God:
 Where is your promise that upon this day
 You plainly would deliver unto me
 An answer to my question? Nay, you vowed
 You would not fail in doing't.

Hera. You drive me there,
And I am absolutely clean compelled
To shape an answer for you; tho' I can
Only in part do that. Prince Peleon, hark !
I look into this little treacherous heart,
And find I cannot love you, yet I do.

Peleon. You speak in riddles, if by those you mean
Your love is hinged upon conditions, *Hera*,
Speak them that I may mend them.

Hera. You divine rightly,
There is a great condition to my love :
I know not if my Father yet would give
His grave consent to it.

Peleon. And if he should ?

Hera. Well then my love is unconditional.

Peleon. O duty and affection in a child !
You offer sacrifices to the gods
More tender and redeeming than the world
Can shew a fellow to. Here comes your father !
Now will I break this to him. [*Enter MELANTHUS.*

Hera. Not now.

Peleon. Melanthus !

Melanthus. Sir, I did miss you strangely in a way,
For I stood yonder, pointing towards the sea,
And speaking, as I thought, unto yourself,
Whom I did deem beside me ; in a while,
Not hearing any answer come from you,
I turned, but could not see you anywhere :
Not everyone could so deceive my ears,
For they are quick for age.

Peleon. Pardon Melanthus,
I came to see a fairer object here.

Melanthus. My daughter ? Prince.

Peleon. Your daughter, sir, who loves me near enough
To be my wife, if you will give consent,
And ratify our interchange of love.
I will not speak my title, riches, fame,

But ask you now to base your aged judgment
Upon my merits as a man.

Melanthus. Why, Hera ?

Hera. Dear sir, the prince speaks true.

Melanthus. This did I think,
For I did see the current of your loves
Begin to form a little while ago ;
But yet would not believe it, 'gainst my wish,
Which was too selfish, may be. And now my heart
Speaks adverse to my tongue,—for Hera, girl,
It is not easy now to think that I

[HERA goes up to MELANTHUS.

Must suffer that defection in your love,
And leave a blank and hollow in your heart
To be filled by another ; gods be my witness
How you have been an idol in my eye,
Associated with a loving past.
Such thoughts go down for ever ! come, your hands !
I do commend you to each other's love.
Peleon, be careful of her, treasure her,
There are not many such as she on earth ;
Now I am old 'tis best, when all is said,
To see her guarded by so stout a heart.

Peleon. Doubt not but I will shield her to the death !
Doubt not, upon my princely word I will !
And you, Melanthus, never shall regret
Unto our union this your kind consent.

Hera. Sir, take my arm once more, and Peleon's too,
We'll lead you in,—we shall not part,—I think
You are unsteady more than usual ;
Too much exerted.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Room in Cleon's House.

Enter two Servants of Cleon's Household, with BRASS and TOWN CRIER.

1 *Servant.* I care not what your name is, sir : you tell me your name is Brass ; well, Brass is a very hard matter to deal with, and a very brazen thing, and it gives forth a harsh sound, which you do very well indeed ; but I tell you, sir, once and for all—no man shall take proceedings of me—senior serving man, butler, and henceforth, of the venerable Cleon's house.

Brass. Sir, you misconstrue me, I do not wish to take precedence of you in your own stronghold.

1 *Servant.* I miss screw you ! I do not talk of screws, tho' you are a screw, Brass, and a screw Brass is a brass screw : here, you may like my job better than I do—take my apron, towel, and become Butler here ; for when once I have to share my command I'll resign, that's the way with all true men ! what's the use o' two brooms to do the work o' one ? come take the cloth.

Brass. Let us understand one another.

2 *Servant.* That's very reasonable Nob, understand together.

1 *Servant.* Sir, when we want you we will send to let you know't, for if we cannot understand each other, being both wise men and butlers, with our own tongues and reasons, we never shall by the explanations of a fool. Bring in a jug of wine, and leave understanding to those who have no need of it ; here's a text for you—

Those who have most, need most, and yet,

Those who have little, need not fret. [*Exit 2 Servant.*]

Now then to understand ourselves, let us first sit down.

Brass. That is a very witty and comfortable suggestion. Let us be friends but for one night together, life is too short

for joy, and too long for a quarrel. Seeing, friend Nob, that my master, the Duke, comes to banquet here to-night, I thought it but neighbourly, that as the masters were going to drink together, their butlers should do the same; for we should follow the example of our betters, and so live up to a better example.

1 *Servant*. As true and well spoken, as if I said it myself.

Brass. Therefore am I come, with no vile intent of robbing you of your occupation; but of shewing you how I wish to appreciate your hospitality.

1 *Servant*. Ah! now we understand each other.

Brass. And therefore have I brought this excellent friend of mine along with me, out of a principle of commutative pleasure, since I would have you derive delight and mirth from the same source as I myself do.

1 *Servant*. I know what you mean tho' your speech is a little high.

Brass. You have a lively intelligence.

1 *Servant*. Who is the gentleman?

Brass. Come forward, Bung. This gentleman, sir, is a publisher of hidden things, a proclaimer of losses, and notices, a very necessary adjunct to a civilized state; and for his private character, I will be his warrant there, for he is like ourselves, honest when he cannot steal, truthful when there is no advantage in telling a lie, and in every way a gentleman as long as it suits his interests, and after that—dive not too deep, or you may knock your head against an underlying rock. One thing I must do him justice in, he is no particular foppish fellow, and any day would as soon have a pot of wine, as a cup of water! now we understand each other.

1 *Servant*. Now we understand. I am very glad to see you "Publisher of hidden things," so long as you don't publish mine.

Town Crier. Sir, I have'nt got much to say, as Brass has done that for me—that's the best of having a friend who speaks for you, thinks for you, eats for you, drinks for you.

Brass. No!

Town Crier. And would pay your debts for you provided you gave him the money to do so.

1 Servant. O! you are waggish, but what are you "Publisher?"

Town Crier. I? Do you not know me for the public town crier?

1 Servant. I have been bringing home your face. Do not cry now.

Town Crier. Not unless I am paid for it. But when I do cry you must not laugh.

1 Servant. Come along! thou hast been tilling the vines waiting for the vintage, then making the wine, and lastly, lying a hundred years with it in a cellar. Give it me! (*2 Servant re-enters with wine.*) True charity is a rare plant, friend; so when we meet a fellow, who can cry for the losses o' others, he should be rewarded, tho' I do not—I'll say it for once—admire the humour of the world, when it gets so kindly affected towards woe, that it pays a man to cry. But let us shift ground neighbours, there will be company here anon, and it is safer drinking in my own room, we have time for a swill ere the banquet comes on. Wine is like love, best shared in secret. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PENELOPE AND SAPPHO.

Sappho. Dear Aunt, what change?

Penelope. We are private here girl, tell me the cause.

Sappho. How full of fancies.

Penelope. It is no fancy—have I lived these forty years to mistake a cobweb for a film over my sight? Girl you are melancholy by every sign of it—your needlework has had no progress for a week; your books shew marks of disuse by the dust on them; your walks are not so frequent now; your sweet tongue of innocence hath entered into a league with silence; and you are more constantly at the altars of the Gods. Are not these reasons potent enough? Come sit. I cannot find the Sappho of a few days ago.

Sappho. Oh, aunt.

Penelope. Still fancy? Come, I would pry into no secret but to find a remedy for your case.

Sappho. Where's the physician's work, when the patient says she is in health? Aunt, give it over, young girls change, and thoughts, other than those of girlhood, will obtrude themselves on us at seasons.

Penelope. Young, for such evasions. Then it is nothing?

Sappho. Nothing I need your help in.

Penelope. Have I lived to be unworthy of your confidence? Do not say so.

Sappho. Oh! aunt, aunt, no. You seek to comfort me, and wound me in the operation. I'll speak to you in time. Not now.

Penelope. Were you my daughter, more of a mother's love for you could not inhabit me. I will not tease you further. The Princes and the Duke come here to-night. Entice a little colour into those cheeks by a walk in the gardens. Do, I will see you anon. [Exit.

Sappho. How quick the eye of speculation is,
That our retiring secrets lure it on.
We are such fools with feeling, that those things
Which we would have withdrawn, we manifest
More clearly by deceit; our large emotions
Unbind our tongues like wine, yet are we chary
In this respect, that we would keep great joys
As sacred to ourselves. O Phaon! ordained mine!
For I have kept my virgin love for thee,
Free from th' infectious touches of the world,
As uncontaminated by its thought,
As are the unseen bottoms of the seas
By any print of man. I cannot master
Sufficient boldness, to acquaint my aunt
With this my love, for maiden sensitiveness
Is something kin to shame. O crowning joy
That stands above me like the sheltering heaven!
I would I had a little sorrow now,
To make my state seem mortal, for I fear
Some nectar-quaffing Power will envy me,

And snatch my golden happiness away,
 Being smit by Phaon's beauty ; then the Gods,
 When they intend their heaviest strokes for us,
 Prelude them with some most imperial joy,
 Smiling us on to death—This have I heard.
 I am too young for such an aged dread,
 For I am married to a thing of joy,
 My life upon it hanging.

[Enter IOLE.

Iole. Sappho dearest,
 You are a sweet retired selfishness
 Whom I have tried to draw from secrecy
 By songs, and sweet enticements, as the star
 With tender favours tempts the glow-worm out—
 But to no purpose, dear.

Sappho. Sweet soul, chide not,
 Why should I hide me from my dearest friend ?
 Love makes us sisters in all, save our birth,
 And that is immaterial—Iole dearest,
 I am as happy as young Ganymede
 Sleeping beneath the shadow of Jove's brows ;
 As full of peace as are the heavens with light ;
 And in the knowledge of my Phaon's love,
 I do resemble some aw'd mariner,
 Who on the lonely shores of some strange sea
 Discovers hills of pearls, and precious things,
 Making the power of gold a poverty,
 Being above all marks, and signs of value,
 Made by our bartering race—come take my joy,
 And tho' its object be for me alone,
 Make it a native of your sister heart,
 Lest its excess, and undivided power
 Prove too much for one life—speak.

Iole. O dearest joy !
 I do rejoice at your great happiness ;
 For when was Sappho sad, and Iole
 Out of sheer misery did not shed tears ?
 Or when did your desire lead you to walk,
 To dance, to sing, to meditate alone,
 And our wills were not coupled ? We have been
 As constant as the ocean to the moon

To one another, and like that travelling flood
 Which swells, and strains, as by affection urged,
 To gain the region of its drawing globe,
 So Iole has ever follow'd thee,
 Like some immortal thought haunting a mind :
 Then by what argument, or specious proof
 Shall I desist from sharing in your joy ?
 We that so oft in country buskins dressed
 As shepherdesses play'd Arcadian lives,
 Our fancies cheating us into belief
 That we did feel the joys and woes we ap'd,
 Did never act so truly feigned fates
 As we performed our real, tho' they drew
 Smiles and tears from us. Give me now my cue,
 And I will chant a pean to rare joy,
 An echo to your heart.

Sappho. One sweet word—Phaon—
 That word fills heaven with wonder ; there Apollo
 No longer hangs delighted o'er the string,
 But looks with admiration on the earth,
 Seeking the godlike form of Phaon out—
 While Jove would have him for his cupbearer.
 The speech of love is all irrational,
 For what cool language can express a love
 That doth transcend the bounds of mortal things !
 But you should love, to feel with me.

Iole. Nay sister,
 I am more happy sharing in your joy,
 Than being in your state : my life's a flower
 That simply blooms for your delight alone,
 And after that is nothing,

Sappho. Come with me :
 Our secrets still provoke our sympathies. [Exeunt.]

Enter SESTRIS AND PELEON.

Sestris. Things unlike in nature, yet are subject
 To dispositions common, and some qualities
 Affect adverse dispositions equally—
 Therefore a truce to wordy argument,
 For the conclusion often baffles thought.

Without more words then, know I am in love,
 And she whose dazzling beauty and rare grace
 Have torn the very eyesight of my heart,
 Making me view all things in disproportion,
 Is Lady Sappho whom I mean to have,
 Or cunning, or fair play have lost their powers ;
 For I am now as giddy as a youth,
 As foolish as a maiden with a fancy,
 As changeable as light on April days,
 As fretful as old age by winter's fire,
 As melancholy as a waking man
 After dreaming of a golden fortune found.
 And all the argosy of my young years
 Seems bound unto a certain quiet port—
 The love of Sappho—or I am a wreck
 Upon the quicksands of a selfishness
 More perilous than death. Nature is equitable—
 Men with small resolution often conquer
 More than the resolute—
 As tho' there were a certain power in weakness ;
 For I, who would embark in dangerous plots,
 Trust courage and dissimulation farther
 Than th' dreaming world, at random, yet am felled
 By the strange influence of a pair of eyes,
 That schoolboys would surmount.

Peleon.

Our characters

Defy all definition at the test :
 The present hour will touch the remedy,
 When all forecasting thought is weak as death ;
 Therefore, since love so overpowers your heart,
 The wayward chances of our mystic life
 You should not slander with uncertainty
 And dull complaint, but bend the present hour
 Unto the present purpose.—Speak to Sappho.

Sestris. It is an easy task to say so much,
 I am too proud such weakness to avow,
 And make myself a thing ridiculous
 Before a little clay.

Peleon. No dishonour
 Comes to the strong in suing to the weak,

Where manhood is not touched. Superior qualities
 Suffer no diminution from surrender
 To those beneath them, for the essences
 Of things remain unaltered, by the circumstance
 That rules their actions ; but beside all this,
 Love hath a privilege, distinction to destroy,
 Levelling all offices, honours, and degrees,
 Without detracting from the high in place ;
 But rather raising all things to a height
 Of indisputable equality :
 Therefore, such thoughts as pride, distinction, birth,
 Dictate to us, should have no place in love ;
 If so, then love is only at half tide,
 And you must wait for it to flow at full ;
 When it engulphs the hollows of the shores,
 The echoing caverns, and opposing rocks,
 It will have no impediment to fear,
 But stand victorious.

Sestris. I repudiate
 What you assume, for never man on earth
 Did love a woman dearer than myself ;
 And further, what you say makes me resolve
 To button up that straighter character,
 And be the supple slave of love, in full :
 I'll speak to Cleon, tell him of my passion ;
 Success is won by secondary means,
 More power, more speed.

Peleon. Speak to the lady first,
 That is the worst part of the battle, Egypt ;
 Do all yourself—I would.

Sestris. You are impatient ;
 I have my way of working.

*Enter TIMOLEON, attended by MEMNON, CRATES,
 and others.*

Timoleon. Princes, hail !
 You enter with full spirits, into the delights
 Of our secluded isle.

Peleon. As who could not :
 See, on the far resounding shores, the seas

Do strike in beauty, and let fall their manes
 As in obeisance to this sacred land,
 Whose very breeze wakes music on the hills,
 As tho' Apollo played ; and as the land,
 So the inhabitants—a race cut off
 From the grosser world without. Here, like those isles
 The poets made delight of in old time,
 The raging madness of rude winter strikes not,
 Nor freckles earth with the congealed cloud ;
 But evermore the air and light bring up
 The thought of everlasting spring ; no sound
 Disturbs the dreaming musing of the brain ;
 But only those which do excite the mind
 To contemplation, and the palm of rest,
 Are native to this atmosphere, and earth,
 Such as the swish of waters on the shores,
 The undertones of talking Zephyr, bird, bee,
 And swaying woods.

Timoleon. You do express to th' letter
 A native's own impressions of this spot ;
 Come, we'll enjoy the slowly vanishing hour
 Here in these walks, ere the feast.

[*Exeunt TIMOLEON, MEMNON, CRATES, and others.*]

Peleon. See, Sestris,
 Old Cleon this way coming.

PELEON walks aside, then enter CLEON.

Cleon. Happily met !
 I have been conning the sealed book of the years,
 And coaxing memory to take the bait
 Of a few facts, while I take the past entire
 Respecting Egypt ; I have travelled there—
 Still do, transporting thought aiding.

Sestris. I have heard—
 For fame hath carried that particular
 Of you far off—how great is your affection
 For my grey kingdom, whose antiquity
 Is even now a wonder.

Cleon. Egypt could nothing shew
 Of greater interest to me than your Father,

Whose kingly state is even not an ornament
 To all his greater parts, but rather is
 Enhanced by the value of its wearer,
 More than it doth enhance him ; such a spirit
 Is rarely dropped from heaven.

Sestris. O ! I can listen
 While you speak of my Father in such wise ;
 And truly, sir, his kingly dignity
 Is an appendage only, to set off
 The native magnificence of his character,
 And nothing more.

Cleon. But he draws near his end,
 And it doth seem but yesterday to me,
 He played at hide and seek ; his torch burns low,
 But still, he is a giant in decline,
 His own subduing thought controls the earth.
 Swift as a spirit all undreamed of came he
 To claim dominion o'er astonished man,
 Knitting all elements within himself,
 And unto all appealing—now vanishing
 Like to a comet from our range of heaven,
 Ere men have ceased their wonder.

Sestris. Would I were
 My father in your estimation now.

Cleon. For what I pray you ?

Sestris. Sir, to come near the mark,
 And drop my natural manner, I am in love ;
 Aye, in love with the lady of your care,
 The gentle Sappho :—now you know my reason
 For coveting your high esteem.

Cleon. With Sappho ?

Sestris. I will not wrong my love, or its dear object,
 By vulgar protestations ; nature must strike home,
 And with a homelike thrust to make me speak,
 Even as I have done.

Cleon. I pray you think ;
 For I do speak to you with reverence—
 Nature is but a tyrant unto those

Who will not stand, but turn, and earn defeat.
 Most noble prince ! the liberal report
 Speaks you a man of judgment—though I shut not
 My door against your suit—yet be advised—
 Our sudden resolutions, have sudden ends.

Sestris. How often does the dull eye need to see
 A sight of beauty, ere our cold judgments warm,
 We are but traitors to our kind, and nature,
 To wipe out with our reason noblest instincts.
 O ! what an easy thing is that advice,
 Which comes from him above the circumstance
 We are subjected to. Condemn your fellow
 For cannibalism, ere you know yourself
 Where the verge of hunger and your frailty
 Touch their extremes, as though the merest thought
 Of such unnatural feast were not enough
 To choke one with its horror, and through life
 Be a pursuing remorse—comfort is not
 Found in the easy channel of your council,
 No more than help—nature and custom teach
 That those in like conditions only feel
 True sympathy.

Cleon. My speech was but a trial ;
 I did not think to put your father's son
 Aside from what he aimed at—for Sappho, prince,
 She is marriageable, and at will to choose,
 I am her guardian only ; but as such
 I see no prejudice against yourself.
 You stand your chance with others, and provided
 She does consent, I am bound to do the same,
 And will well back your suit, I promise you.
 Your father being surety for his son,
 Cleon asks nothing more.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Garden adjoining PHAON'S House.* | *Music.*

Enter PHAON, followed by BRASIDAS.

Phaon. Hark ! how that distant strain

Steals on the spirit, killing all sad thoughts :
 Even as the giant god of day, afar
 Striding the eastern ridges of the world,
 Doth with his countenance of majesty
 Fill all the hollows of the earth with light,
 Thawing the soul of darkness. O that music !
 Would I could die, and pass away from men
 Mid such divine strains ; how my mind will still,
 Forgetful of my changéd nature, hang
 Most lovingly on death ; habit endures awhile,
 And will not suddenly die. I must be humble,
 Nor seek the range of my imperial thought,
 Lest I provoke th' Gods' envy— Brasidas,
 I did not think myself of any use,
 Withdrew from th' concourse of our citizens,
 And from men's bartering societies,
 Thinking myself unfit : I will no longer tho',
 Having new interests.

Brasidas. That hath been your mistake,
 If you will pardon me for saying so.
 Too much humility doth lay our palms
 Beneath the proud one's heels—doth seek its shame.
 O ! do not make yourself too cheap a thing—
 The world will oftener buy you at a price,
 Than take you up for nothing : mark me further—
 Throw egotism to its master the devil ;
 But still hold some faith in your quality,
 For you shall hardly have the general run
 Believe in you, and value you aright,
 Unless you do the same unto yourself :
 And say a fool who cast his ample life
 Into a little coin, did give the same
 For this experience.

Phaon. Who can gauge our conduct
 Unto the shifting current of the hour
 And suffer no miscarriage ? prudence is still
 A covering excuse for ignorance—
 Fortune a riddle—our lives do pass as strangely as
 Shadows of a mad mirthful party moving
 Behind a painted casement. But see ! see !

The morning star that doth announce my dawn—

I should be merry !

Enter LEON.

Leon. Hail ! my lord, I come

In secrecy to you—my mistress Sappho

Bids me inform you, she will meet with you

At the accustomed place to-night.

Phaon. You deliver your message well boy : should you ever lose that tongue of yours, here's something that will speak for you. *[Gives him money.]*

Leon. But should I lose this my lord, and be unable to speak for more ?

Phaon. One supposition at a time, Nimbleness. Lose the money first.

Leon. I'll do that directly, and come to you again.

Phaon. But first bear back my greetings to your mistress, and say I shall not fail her.

Leon. My lord—the Gods confound you.

Phaon. How sir ?

Leon. With joy, and unexpected happiness. *[Exit.]*

Brasidas. Well turned boy.

Phaon. The best of Greece is young yet.
Now, Brasidas, comes on my flood of joy ;
I hold this breath while thinking of my love,
Lest the keen sense of pleasure strike me dead.

O ! that I were as rich as my desire,
That I might coin the very horn of fortune
Into some sign of wealth, to shew my Love
The manifested estimation
In which I hold her worth : but could that do it ?
No ! nor all earth beside—I am a fool,
From sheer excess of joy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter SESTRIS and SAPPHO.

Sestris. Madam, I assure you, the ladies of Egypt are as I report of them.

Sappho. I have no warrant to gainsay you sir, nor do I, but it would seem, despite your small opinion of your own countrywomen, that you came out of Egypt, and left your heart behind.

Sestris. Pardon my question : what gives you that opinion ?

Sappho. O sir ! it is a fancy, but methinks, you take the pleasures of life with too languid an air : a foolish fancy, that's all.

Sestris. Yet with some truth in it. The strongest of mortality, are but partly self-contained. I fear I burden you.

Sappho. No sir, if it is your pleasure speak I would I could give comfort to all the sorrows of earth.

Sestris. Mine too ?

Sappho. Yes yours, yet do not think me guilty of that vulgar folly, curiosity.

Sestris (aside.) And I perchance shall lose your comfort, when I name my malady. If a man were but master of consequences, how easy would his ventures be. I am resolved to speak, yet would keep silence rather than be rebutted ; but yet I cannot win or lose by silence : how oft our meditations lead us to a fool's first conclusion—I will speak. Cleon is with me.

Sappho (aside.) Poor gentleman ; he will speak now.

Sestris. You have noted in me madam, the shadow of a sorrow—a certain loss of heart—I do confess it now, and will speak the cause if you will hear me—I feel as my father did perchance, when he did first see my mother—The cause of this is in yourself.

Sappho. In me ? alas ! how so, sir ?

Sestris. O, innocence ! yet plainer ? then I love you.

Sappho. Sir, sir, you amaze me : yet do not give utterance to that word again.

Sestris. Even as I thought—yet stay.

Sappho. Whence did you get this power ?

Sestris. My heart has given it me.

Sappho. I have heard of your arts of Egypt, how with a glance you mesmerise another—control, and repel, as doth a snake. But lo! I shake your influence off; do not let me break thro' the laws of hospitality, or remind you of them. [Going.

Sestris. I bid you stay.

Sappho. And to what purpose? I will go to Cleon.

Sestris. He hath given me this liberty to speak to you on this.

Sappho. Cleon hath? then the Gods help me; but do you think his consent will help you to my love? Am I not a Mytilenian, and free?

Sestris. Ah! then you love another?

Sappho. Dare to question.

Sestris. Yet you shall hear me speak—madam be still. I too am free, and an Egyptian born, Prince, and heir to a throne. A moment since, And you were ready with all sorts of comfort, O! be so now.

Sappho. I will not hear you speak!

Sestris. No? not hold forth this little courtesy? You are a lady, and can scarce refuse To do me justice, and to do me that You must give me a hearing—in all fairness You must do this, condemn me on a sentence? Not hear my tale out? you abuse your judgment While thus peremptory.

Sappho. Justice is out of date, And out of place in your discourse, my lord, Why, with this seeming fairness on your part, Do you turn on me as your injurer? This is the base affectation of your cunning To play the martyr: how you stretch your wit To gain a point, out of all reasonable demand. Am I responsible for all you do? Alas! you have no will then, and against myself There is a dread account. I am deaf.

Sestris. You are cutting,
You will not apprehend the true import
Of what I say :—reserve your judgement till
You hear my case out.

Sappho. No—
You make me play a most discourteous part
Against my nature, go.

Sestris. Nay, but you shall,
Now I have broken thro' the ice of pride
I will go on. Beaten in one attempt,
I will not earn the shame of giving you
Such easy victory.

Sappho. Commanding spirit !
The only manlike thing I see in you
Is this determination. Speak, yet I warn you,
If you do speak the least uncivil thing,
I shall forget your station, and your position
Beneath this roof ; and bring those unto you,
Who will demand an answer for this conduct,
Or make it hard for you : for do not think,
That having Cleon on your side, I have not
An arm in my defence.

Sestris. I can be as valiant
In such a quarrel, as that other he :
Your threats are straws I break ! lady I kneel
Before you as a deity, controlling
My mortal fate ; my love makes me your slave,
And I am utterly at your disposal.
I will not back my suit by telling you,
Who, and what I shall be ; all earthly things,
Such as wealth, honour, dignity, confer,
Are out of all comparison, in lowness
To my heart's love : I need no catalogue,
No recapitulation of such things,
I stand entire, with nothing but my love,
Offering you a hand, and heart, which never
Did give themselves before.

Sappho. As you are free
In offering me your love, so will I be

In my refusal—I do not accept it,—
Of this, speak not again.

[*Exit.*

Sestris. Gods ! confound all !
I do not think she loves another tho' ;
Yet I must ascertain if it be so,
And after that to work ; a cunning mind
Can circumstances and occasions make
To win its aim—persistence is success.

[*Enter PENELOPE and CLEON.*

Here come Penelope and Cleon.

[*He walks aside.*

Cleon. Believe me, it looks very fair, for if Sappho, as you say, shows those marks of being in love, and the Prince of Egypt hath confessed to me his affection for her ; well what then ? Why by all mortal calculation, it must be he with whom she is in love, and a very fitting match it makes : for the girl, as I know by all proofs past, that she holds a strong place in your heart Penelope, so I pronounce her, as nothing less tender to me than my very eye. The Gods be praised for this !

Penelope. You never showed your goodness towards Sappho more than you do in this matter, and for the child, though I did not bear her, yet she is mine up to that point ; for I remember from the time her mother, poor Euridice, died, she, then but a round thing, whom a soldier could put in his casque, did look, sweet infant, on me, and I did swear to have no life divided from her, until—

Cleon. Yes, yes, until the prince of Egypt should come—there, there, at her marriage feast, I will match my strength once more against the wine of Lesbos.

Penelope. And then, she hath been a good girl to me, and she hath repaid my love by the riches of her pure heart. Well, life must be lived through, and those who are young must go the way we have trodden.

Cleon. Madam, yonder is the prince approaching.

Sestris (coming forward.) Ha ! my noble host ! and my lady keeper of the richest gem in Lesbos.

Penelope. Ah my lord! she is a gem, and I hope you will use her well.—I have heard all.

Sestris. Not all madam, your speech tells me that, or if you have a warrant for the hope your words imply, I pray you tell me of it.

Cleon. Come my lord, maidens are ever backward at the first encounter—they come around in time, they come around; a lover without a little patience, is like a rider without reins. But you do not despair.

Penelope. Oh! but you look so my lord, or I never saw clearly before.

Sestris. You do see clearly. I assure you madam, I have no hope of winning your niece.

Penelope. Do not say so.

Cleon. How so prince? no trifling with the girl! I shall forget my age if occasion needs, and call you to account.

Penelope. Restrain yourself sir, I see the case, she loves you not.

Sestris. You have guessed rightly. I am not trifling sir; your words give me your poor opinion of myself.

Cleon. I crave your pardon; I am over quick at times. That girl comes near.

Sestris. And well she should, would I were so to her—I have laid the honourable passion and motives of my heart before her, and she hath refused my suit.

Cleon. I do not understand, I thought she loved you.

Sestris. You had no proof of this?

Cleon. Well, no.

Penelope. My lord, I must have been deceived by a fancy; but I thought she shewed signs of being in love, and the noble Cleon hath heard me say so.

Sestris. It is no fancy, for depend upon it, she hath given her heart to some one, though not to me.

Cleon. Sir!

Penelope. Be patient—

Cleon. Is this so Madam ?

Penelope. How can I tell you sir—you see I am not the only one who hath discovered the signs of a love in her.

Cleon. Strangeness itself ! yet Prince, do not despair, the moods of women are infinite ; a little time and patience, and I know she will come around.

Sestris. I thank you for your intended comfort ; and would it were a comfort—I pray you both, do not let my sorrow interfere with your courses—I will wait. [*Exit.*]

Penelope. Shall I tell you what I think, sir ?

Cleon.

If you will.

Penelope. I think Sappho is right in not returning the affection of the Prince, he does not recommend himself to me on a nearer acquaintance.

Cleon. I am perplexed. You think her still in love ?

Penelope. I know not what to think—may she not have been distressed about the suit of the Prince ? She knows not that we are privy to this affair ; I have mistaken something else for love.

Cleon. True, true, yet somehow I set my mind upon this match.—And for the Prince, I like him well enough to have him marry my ward, when all is said.

Penelope. Sir, I cannot be of your opinion.

Cleon. I do respect you madam for saying so. I have no fear for Sappho, while she is under your immediate eye.

[*Enter SAPPHO.*]

Sappho. O ! sir, sir,
What cruelty is this, that you design
Against my life ? What unknown sin, or breach
Of gratitude on my part doth provoke
This punishment ? O ! speak—you madam—do—
Perchance you know this riddle.

Penelope. Holy Gods ! she is distraught.

Cleon. My child, what riddle ?

Sappho. O ! sir, why ask that question when you know

Have you not given your countenance to the suit
Of Egypt to myself?

Cleon. I have, but yet
Did never once contrive with him to get you
Against your will. He told me how he loved you,
And I did simply tell him that you were
At liberty where to choose,—that for himself,
He stood his chance with others.

Sappho. O! nothing more.

Cleon. I will not keep it secret from your mind,
That I did like the prospect of your union,
But knowing not how you regarded it,
Beyond a chance surmise, which has proved wrong,
I left him to his wooing.

Sappho. In place of him,
My father dead, you have been such to me,
And I can never live a length of time
Sufficient to repay you for your love,
And so presuming on your kindness past,
I pray you shield me from this prince of Egypt,
Whose suit is hateful to me.

Penelope. That we will.

Sappho. If you are weary of me, let me go,
But do not let me be the easy prey
Of such a man.

Cleon. Silence sweet tongue, no more,
I'll be a father to you in this thing
As in all others, I will see the prince,
And tell him to give up a useless suit,
On pain of my displeasure.

[*Exit.*

Sappho. The Gods go with you.

Penelope. My love, my chick, look up.

Sappho. O! aunt, this thing for one more day would
kill me.

Penelope. But it shall not last out another day, there
now—there.

Sappho. I had a fearful doubt upon my mind

Which rode my life down, like pursuing hate
 Upon his steed of fire : now I am satisfied—
 Like a spent swimmer cast on friendly shores—
 I rest in weariness.

Penelope. My child, what doubt ?

Sappho. I thought you both conspired with the Egyptian
 to make me his.

Penelope. Why I would eat my thumbs first. Come
 away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Sea Shore.*

Enter PELEON and HERA.

Peleon. There is one question, Hera, I would ask :
 Tho' touching not yourself.—The lady Sappho—
 Hath she a lover think you ?

Hera. Ah ! naughty prince—
 Do you desire to play that part to her ?
 You are a delicate wooer of myself—
 Oh ! laughter-indulging Gods !

Peleon. In seriousness—
 I have a motive, not a personal one,
 In asking this.

Hera. A motive ! Oh ! men's motives—
 They are the crutches of hypocrisy—
 Nay, but your motive is a personal one—
 Shew me a lawyer working without fees,
 A doctor giving physic free of charge—
 A general fighting for his own defeat,
 A patriot selling up his countrymen—
 A hungry man destroying wholesome food,
 A miser lavishing his golden store—
 And I'll believe in that impersonal motive
 You speak of prince.

Peleon. Not sooner ?

Hera. No, I think

Men's selfishness is still the measurer
Of all they do.

Peleon. Come you are mirthful Hera,
Hath Sappho such an one ?

Hera. I'll tell you one thing,
Your motive for this question is to ease
The prince of Egypt of a certain doubt :
And you do play a most unworthy part,
In acting as a spy on Sappho's life.
Deny it not,—you do.

Peleon. Come let us drop it—
You are not angry at my question Hera ?

Hera. No, but you must not speak of this again.

Peleon. I will not love.

Hera. Come, we have wasted time
About the cause of others.—Time laughs at love
For being a wasteful fool, at times like these.

Peleon. And hear me farther, for that I see you wish it,
I will not speak of Sappho to my friend,
Nor hear him name her. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MEMNON from the other side.

Memnon. O jealousy ! ye Gods !
Here do I follow like the prying wolf,
Dogging the steps of lonely travellers.
O torture ! now I see his sneaking arm
Doth inch by inch encircle her young waist,
See there, he stoops as in pretence to catch
Some word of love that ripples from her tongue,
And snatches up a golden bud of joy,
In each polluting kiss. Gods rot those arms
That do embrace the object of my love,
And wither up those hateful lips of his,
Giving to him the laughter of a skull,
And fill his ears now thrilled by her sweet tones
With imprecations, and the voice of hell ;
Strike him with blindness, for that he dares to look
Boldly upon such beauty. Madness have patience !
He shall not win what I cannot enjoy. [*Exit.*

Enter SAPPHO and LEON.

Leon. Madam, we are on a blind errand.

Sappho. What makes you think so boy?

Leon. The knowledge of your business here.

Sappho. Yes, but I do not understand—how blind?

Leon. Because we are here on an errand of love. And love is blind out of all question.

Sappho. You lend a wing to the tediousness of waiting by your talk.

Leon. Madam, shall we ask each other riddles?

Sappho. I am not quick in answering.

Leon. Come then, for a trial. What is it that my master trusts me with, being a boy, and unable to take care of it, that he will not trust me with when I am a man and able to take care of it.

Sappho. Why nothing—stay—something that you are trusted with, being a boy—and unable to take care of it.

Leon. Yes, that he will not trust me with when a man, and able to take care of it.

Sappho. I cannot guess boy. What is it?

Leon. If you cannot, who should? It is yourself.

Sappho. You have a quick fancy, that is ever catching, and tying the opposites of things together—wit lives in contrasts. Had the Gods given you a fortune, proportionate to your quickness of mind, you would make a stir in the world.

Leon. Madam, my grandam used to say, that the Gods' providence is like a human parent, who cares more for his helpless children and foolish ones, than for those who are able to help themselves.

Sappho. Fye, Leon, fye.

Leon. I say, fye, grandam, fye.

Sappho. My pretty quibbler, this shrewdness argues an early death.

Leon. I am glad of it.

Sappho. Glad Leon ? you are too young for fear.

Leon. Yes glad madam, for by your own argument, I shall give up very bad company, since only fools live long.

Sappho. Will you be ever beaten !

[*A boat discovered at sea.*

Leon. Not while I have the fools who survive to talk to. But tell me, madam, is it not unskillfully done on the Gods' part, to waste such good material for such short time ? It is like building a city to last a lease of six months.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHAON, LEONIDAS, and BRASIDAS, from the Boat

Phaon. My dear Leonidas, for your arms' aid I thank you, it has saved me from the charge Of being slothful in affairs of love.

Leonidas, in coming from the sea,
We do elude the outlook of our friends,
Whose curiosity might bid them watch
The object of my frequent coming here :—
I do not think my life could hold its course
Without your friendship.

Leonidas. 'Tis well your lady love
Is not within the hearing of that speech,
For I would not set up a rivalship
Against the unplucked spring-time of her love ;
But do not longer stay against your will,
I see impatience kindling in your eye
To be beside your love—Phaon, begone !
For young desire like an unbroken steed,
Spurns at restraints, and breaks the bonds of time
For one sweet moment.

Phaon. You are somewhat merry
Against your disposition :—I am going—
How will you pass your time, till I return ?

Leonidas. Oh ! I have Brasidas, the kind old man,
And all this stretch of shore for company—
I shall not lack, fear not.

Phaon.

True hearted man.

[*Exit.*

Brasidas. Sir.

Leonidas. Brasidas.

Brasidas. Sir, if you will pardon me for speaking first.

Leonidas. Why, someone must be first. Age is before everything.

Brasidas. True sir, the grave excepted, for that is ever before age, and there is no turning back, for age must go on, and then we fall into that which lies before us—no sir, the grave is ever before age.

Leonidas. Well Brasidas ?

Brasidas. Sir, I think my young master is distracted.

Leonidas. So do I.

Brasidas. Mad I mean.

Leonidas. Yes Brasidas, so do I.

Brasidas. O ! it is a pity—a pity sir.

Leonidas. Take care, for in pitying him, we pity ourselves, since we are all touched by different forms of the same disease.

Brasidas. You are pleased to smile sir, but he was like this before love came to him.

Leonidas. And he will be like it again old man, if he returns and finds us here,—let us retire. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter from opposite side SAPPHO, and LEON following at a distance.

Sappho. Where tarries Phaon, it is past the time.
 O ! expectation, thou art like a rider
 Sitting upon a rearing backening horse,
 That shys, but makes no progress on the road,
 When life and death are hanging on its speed.
 Methought that sorrow dared not touch my love,
 For I was happy as young innocence
 Dreaming of safety in a dragon's den :—
 Now know I, there is nought exempt from woe—
 Sorrows in our best joys. O ! Phaon ! Phaon !
 Come quickly to thy love. [*Enter PHAON hastily.*]

Phaon.

I heard thy voice !

Why Sappho ! why this pitiful exclaim ?
 These dewdrops on the roses of thy cheeks.
 What is the cause ?

Sappho. A foolish secret love,
 I am too mortal at misfortune's touch,
 For I did think my love security
 Against the blows of time.

Phaon. The cause ? the cause ?

Sappho. Have patience while I tell you of it Phaon.
 Although I am a foolish simple girl,
 To let a thing affect me that is past.
 The prince of Egypt, my honoured Guardian's guest,
 Did lately tell me how he loved myself,
 And won old Cleon to his interest—
 Which thing so shook me with its dread alarms,
 That it has been a nightmare on my heart—
 That leaves me in your presence.

Phaon. And Cleon ?

Sappho. O ! when I charged him in my hour of grief,
 With aiding Egypt to obtain my hand—
 He spoke about a certain doubt he had ;
 But afterwards, did set my heart at rest,
 By telling me that he would see the prince,
 And charge him nevermore to speak to me
 Upon his theme of love.

Phaon. Did Egypt dare
 Presumptuously to aim at such a mark ?
 Were not our loves a secret, I would find him
 And in the public market of our city,
 Horsewhip him for his royal impudence !
 Thinks he, he commands all ?

Sappho, Phaon my love—
 My tongue will scarcely utter what I would—
 O ! do not think that I by any word,
 Or any act, which the evil construing eye
 Could pervert to its lawless purposes,
 Did shew the prince ought to encourage him
 In his attempt to win me.

Phaon. Never breathe that,
The tongue of truth would be all powerless
My Sappho to impeach. That bull-worshipper !
I'd send him to his crocodile kingdom back—
A wiser man, could I act as I would.
How long a visit makes he ?

Sappho. I do not know—
There is no talk of his departure yet.
Why do you ask ?

Phaon. Now hear me speak a thing
I think that you should know. Our island state
Is much beholden to th' Egyptian king ;
Should he espouse the cause of this young prince,
And of the Mytilenian peers request
Your marriage with his boy.

Sappho. Never fear that.

Phaon. Nay, private liberty is often sold
For public safety, in small states like these :
Besides, your guardian and th' Egyptian king
Are constant friends I know.

Sappho. That weighs but lightly.

Phaon. Love, you are pleased to say so—I think not.
Say will you come with me, and leave this Isle
With all its plotters to their own designs ?
I would not breathe this ; but I apprehend
By a prophetic touch approaching change.
Our safety justifies us in escaping,
Whatever dishonour you may think in it—
You have but to command me.

Sappho. Phaon you look
Too darkly on this little incident ;
Why should we fly from an imagined fear !
And then my guardian, he would shake our state,
Rather than give me over 'gainst my will.

Phaon. Your gentle spirit should not be so vex'd,
And that is why I most advised your flight,
Although I spoke it not.

Sappho. O ! Phaon ! Phaon !

You do forget I am a woman now,
 Shall I not bear a little for your love ?
 A little sorrow will not kill me, love ;
 But then there is no sorrow now to fear.
 Why should we fly from Mytiline's walls
 Like guilty things before our enemies ?
 What thought comes now ?

Phaon. Shall I seek your guardian—
 And tell him of our love ? were we once wed
 The prince would drop his suit.

Sappho. Not yet—not yet—
 Leave that to me, my love is far too young
 For any yet to know its sacredness—
 O ! do not trouble, 'tis a useless folly
 To fear too much. Trust Cleon, he will set
 The matter right for ever.

Phaon. I will do it.

Sappho. And further hear me, as our love's a secret,
 Let it remain so : for it is not wise—
 Altho' I do not fear what you suspect—
 Now that the prince has been refused my hand,
 To flaunt our love before his enraged eye,
 And all the Lesbians. Time, and occasion will
 Discover to us when to shew our love—
 Meet we in secret longer.

Phaon. Dismiss we this,
 From our preoccupied minds ; I fear not now.
 O ! what a midnight has my absence been,
 No ease, nor yet delight in anything.
 What once I took some pleasure in, I pass
 As things of common interest—studies and books—
 The thought inspiring world—the ample range
 Of natural objects, pall upon my mind,
 And break the wing of curiosity ;
 For all my faculties flow as naturally
 Towards yourself, as rivers to the sea.
 My fair absorbing spirit.

Sappho. Speak, speak on.

For I lean on thee, even as some mortal
 Catching the hand of an Olympian
 Seen, thrust from out a cloud. Thou art the source
 From whence I get sustaining life and power—
 Even as the stars replenish their spent orbs
 By visiting the sun.

Phaon. My love the time has flown,
 Ta'en up in talking of that other matter,
 And we must part. I'll see you safely hence
 Under the conduct of your little guard,
 Who, boy, is yet more man than many men. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BRASIDAS.

Brasidas. He ever was a wilful boy—he used to have
 more freaks and pranks, than any other boy of my
 acquaintance.
 He's suffering from a strange malady, that's certain.

Leonidas (within). Brasidas !

Brasidas. Coming—we are about to start then.

Leonidas (within). Brasidas !

Brasidas. Coming—I would spend anything for a good
 token for him to wear.

Phaon (within). Brasidas !

Brasidas. Jove ! I am there. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Mytilene. *A Public Place.**Enter ICARO and BRASIDAS.*

Brasidas. Sir, I do most obstinately believe that he is bewitched now :—that there is some enchantment spell upon him.

Icaro. I am of your opinion. Why there are such strange diseases of mind and body abroad now, as our fathers knew nothing about. The world is getting more full of infirmities, as it grows older.

Brasidas. To be sure that. O ! Phaon my master.

Icaro. There be men now, who walk half over the world to find their heads, and yesterday a man's heart leapt clean cut through him, and alighted on a butcher's stall.

Brasidas. You do not say so !—I know you are learned in these natural things.

Icaro. And not so natural either.

Brasidas. True, there is something above nature in them.

Icaro. Stay, you shall bring about your master's recovery by doing what I shall tell you.

Brasidas. O ! sir, speak then.

Icaro. Listen. [*Whispers to Brasidas.*]

Brasidas. So simple.

Icaro. That's all.

Brasidas. Sir, I can never thank you enough. I have faith in it. [*Exit.*]

Icaro. Your imagination will do the rest. We are fools of credulity. If I can ease the old man's mind by a trick, it will pay for my imposition on him. Our imagination does all, it kills us, or it gives us life—and there's the secret. You shall touch the world's credulity a hundred times before its reason. Here come the princes of Epire and Egypt.

They say Peleon is betrothed to Melanthus' daughter—a good stroke for Melanthus—and I will back the prince, and the girl for theirs. [Exit.

Enter PELEON and SESTRIS.

Peleon. Thought will move nothing, sleep on your discontent and it will vanish like indigestion, every day is a new life, and the eyes of to-morrow do not see the evils of to-day.

Sestris. I am more ashamed being baffled, than I am disappointed being in love, and that is my present state; I will not be flung in the mud like a rider, by the wild horse of a girl's caprice.

Peleon. Tush! you will never get through life, if you stop for every stone, be merry man, things do not obey the instant summons of our desire—take things more indifferently and they will come to you.

Sestris. You would not ape those talkative thinkers of Greece so, were you in my care; your own success in love Peleon, warrants you in being sanguine about mine; why man, the chances of life are not uniform cubes, and you cannot say this will be so, because that was so.

Peleon. I will not cross you; but I see no reason why you should play the disappointed on a first rebuff.

Sestris. Peleon, neither do I, this is passion, not reason; but I ever talk so to you when there is most hope. You have driven me from my guard—there were ever more discontents in my fancy than in my life. Hark, I have disclosed my love for Sappho to the duke Timoleon, and Pelopidas, and Memnon, and bribed them heavy enough to buy up their pretty state, and these have won the other magistrates around to my interest.

Peleon. But to what purpose—seeing Sappho is free?

Sestris. That is the point, my round-headed Epirean:—
is she so?

Peleon. Nay, but you would not compass your aim by power.

Sestris. Fool!

Peleon. Come, we will not quarrel ; go your own way to work, it would not be mine.

Sestris. I have learned it from those who know, that lady Sappho is nobly born, being descended from the princes and chiefs of a free state, and that point proved, she shall be Sestris' wife. The king my father works in my interest, Peleon.

Peleon. You did not tell me this.

Sestris. I tell nothing until I am certain of issues. See who approaches.

Enter TIMOLEON, MEMNON, and PELOPIDAS.

Peleon. I give you my entire friendship Sestris, you give me but half of yours, when you reserve your confidence.

Sestris. Come, it is best friendship still, shake hands.

Peleon. You do control me. We must not break our bond, for we are but two parts of the same thing. That makes amends.

Sestris. Yours is a noble spirit.

Timoleon. Better be nothing, than to be remembered For evil only.—Princes, good day !—you Egypt Were last in our discourse.

Sestris. I am indebted to you,
For that so poor a subject furnished you
With matter for your talk, for our importance
Does oft'ner lie in outside accidents,
Than in ourselves—take you the world's vote on it—
Just as some riders who are only marked
Because of their good beasts.

Timoleon. You are pleased to strike
Yourself with your tongue. Peleon, how goes your world ?

Peleon. My lord, I am reluctant to be gone,
And so is Egypt, from this Isle of yours :—
We are as loyal to this patch of ground
As tho' we had been born on't.

Timoleon. It makes me proud
To hear you say so.

Peleon. And yet I must away awhile—
My lords adieu. Egypt, your ear a moment.

To Sestris. Pray you whate'er you meditate upon
Concerning Sappho—you must not forget
That Cleon is our host. Any stroke or harm
Against the lady, touches him as well.
This is no foolish or officious note,
'Tis timed to your success.

Sestris. My scrupulous forecaster
Rest you content. [*Exit PELEON*] What was I going
to say,
That my mind was so big with, even now?—
By the bye—since I have forgotten it,
That which was last in my thought, comes first to the
tongue—
The other will recur.—Have you considered farther
Touching the matter I spoke to you on
When we last met?

Timoleon. We have, sir, and moreover
Have found a way to help you to the lady ;
But then the means involve the use of power
Against the rights of Cleon :—there comes the pinch ;
You must thank Memnon for it— he it was
Who did the way discover unto us,
Wherein our help lay.

Sestris. Memnon for this remember,
You have bought my service to your interest.

Memnon. My lord, your favour is above my merit—
Yet will I study to deserve the same.

Sestris. What says Pelopidas?

Pelopidas. My lord,
We Mytilenians always have deserved
The good opinion of our neighbour states,
And would maintain it still, by all the acts
Which peace and kindness warrant—for your request,
I think it could be granted—yours, it seems,
Is a most reasonable and fair demand,

And scarcely worth a quarrel for ; in your kingdom
 We have a noble ally, and your marriage
 With lady Sappho would tie up your interest
 More closely in our state. We cannot now afford
 To lose one friend, or make one enemy ;
 The times begin to wear a warlike brow,
 And we can only meet your Father's kindness
 Done to us i'th' past, by granting your request :
 I have spoken thus to the governor.

Timoleon. Egypt, all others
 Can tender their advice, I am the arm
 To put this thing in motion, and on me
 The consequent censure and abuse must fall,
 While they escape it all—and to say truth,
 This sort of tyranny is new work to me,
 And never was a native to my office—
 At all times I should shrink from it—more now,
 Since it must point at the most honoured head
 Our state contains.

Sestris (*handing letter to Timoleon*). Pray you read that.
 [*Governor reads.*]

Sirs, you are both my friends in this affair,
 Count on me still.

Memnon. As you must upon us.

Pelopidas. My lord, I have an eye upon our state
 In my advice ; that with my wish to see
 A Mytilenian sharing Egypt's throne,
 Making you happy, prompts me thus to speak.
 I take but half your offer, for the half
 Of my personal interest in you,—it is but
 A part o'th' business.

Sestris. You are in my esteem
 More noble for your plainness.

Timoleon. Prince, in this paper
 Your Father does request me, and the heads
 Of this our government, to grant your wish,
 If in our power it lies,—to wed with Sappho.
 I did not know your royal Father knew

Of this affair.

Sestris. I indirectly told him,
More thro' a traveller's whim, than seriousness.

Timoleon. I can but answer, as I have before,
With this addition : I will wait on Cleon
And ask him for his sanction to your marriage
With lady Sappho—and shew to him this letter.
Conjuring him by every argument,
To grant your wish, and meet the King's request,
And then if we exhaust all pleadings on him,
And he obdurate stands against your suit,
We have a colour for the tyranny,
Which most reluctantly I put to work,
To rob him of the girl.

Sestris. O ! do but that,
And I will pour my kingdom on this Isle !
What Egypt has performed for you i'th' past
Is but a cypher compared to what it shall,—
While you entail on me a gratitude,
Beyond my power and means to shew it you,—
Receiving more value for the thing in pawn,
Than it is worth.

Timoleon. You shall be made acquainted
Hereafter with our scheme.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PELEON and HERA.

Hera. There Egypt goes
With Timoleon,—would he had stayed awhile—
I know him but by hearsay.

Peleon. Why wish you that ?

Hera. My wish is not particular, I have heard
A liberal report of him.

Peleon. No more ?

Hera. No more ! what do you mean, you jealous he
You step upon the skirts of dignity,
And drabble them i'th' mud.

Peleon. You are touchy
My little April.

Hera. Pray sir, be yourself. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON.

Cleon. I understand from certain friends of mine
That Sestris, even now lodged beneath this roof,
Hath ta'en Timoleon in his confidence,
And opened up his cross'd affairs of love :
But how Timoleon can help him I know not,
And being my guest, I dare not farther go
In my prohibition—lest my duty pass
The line of courteous hospitality—
His love may be as fresh as flowers in May,
And his whole purpose shrined in nobleness,
As leaves in amber : but he shall not woo
My ward against her wish. [Enter TIMOLEON.]

Welcome my lord !

You pluck the drowy question by the ear,
To see you at this time.

Timoleon. For your wonder, leave,
And after that good morrow :—I am come
Upon a business which I cannot preface,
Being too full and swelling for the mind,
By random observations, wide of the mark,
While the chief thing in hand comes in the rear,
Like to a serious postscript in a letter
Of trivial interest ; I will speak at once,
And when my business I have broke to you,
My ear attends your tongue.

Cleon. My lord, yet you stay long
In the delivery. Pray you sit down,

Timoleon. The prince of Egypt, an approved man
In every office, and each attribute
Which judgment does exact, or nature gives
To grace the times with, hath disclosed to you,
And to the lady Sappho, his heart's love ;
And hath moreover bound me by a promise,
To help him to perform a certain thing

Which blindly I did gauge myself to do
Or ere I knew its nature.

Cleon. And that thing
Of which you speak my lord ?

Timoleon. Is by all means
Within my power to help him win the lady—
And in fulfilment of my promise to him,
I stand a self-commissioned agent for him,
To plead his merits, and your grave consent
Unto his union with your ward t' obtain,
If I have any weight.

Cleon. My lord, you have
In what concerns the state, or my free action,
Word or consent, where I stand singly ; but
I dare not by my guardian oath force Sappho—
Nor by my love—to act against her wish.
I am most sorry sir, that crusty fortune
Writes down a cross against our amity,
By causing such a hitch—I am resolved.

Timoleon. Pray you think twice.

Cleon. My lord, there is no need,
And for your promise to the prince, it rests
Entire upon yourself,—if its fulfilment
Touches the liberty of my ward, or me,
'Tis not my matter, only this I'd say,
That in that case your promise does admit
A compromise, or at the least I think
Some qualification.

Timoleon. There's room for neither.
Besides, the king of Egypt writes to me, [*handing him letter.*
Imploring me to aid his son's desire,
And we are too beholden to that source
T' refuse an asked for aid.

Cleon. The king of Egypt
Knows not it is my ward his son seeks after—
Nor that I am adverse unto his suit,
Or he would never urge this thing on you,
Being my ancient friend. I'll write to him

And move him from his purpose.

Timoleon. 'Tis useless sir :
I must fulfil my promise to the prince.

Cleon. You cannot sir, in the teeth of my refusal.

Timoleon. That must be proved—I am resolved as well.
Cleon, I warn you as I play a part
Reluctantly, and all against myself,
To change your mind, and grant this prince's suit,
And win your ward to favour him.

Cleon. My lord,
You speak as tho' a certain unknown power
I cannot guess at, hung upon the brows
Of your authority.

Timoleon. . . . And so there does.

Cleon. Then I defy it! you have touched me home!
My age, and service scouted!

Timoleon. No more words—
I know you, most obdurate. Fare you well! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SAPPHO and HERA.

Sappho. I will exact no promise from your tongue,
Concerning what I have revealed to you
Of Phaon and myself—Leon my boy
Is sworn to secrecy, and Iole
I need not speak for her, on th' other side
Those who attend on Phaon and know oft,
Are tongueless as decrepid mystery.

Hera. Fear not, although you have all reasons now
For secrecy, and for what you request
I'll be your messenger at any time
Unto the noble Phaon, and all means
I can command I dedicate to you,
And your love-service. Come, the message quick,
I will deliver it to Phaon's hand. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLEON with a Letter.

Cleon. What means the governor that he takes this case
With such a personal interest? From Egypt, ha!

Now what may this contain? [*Opens the Letter and reads.*
To my time-sworn friend CLEON the Mytilenian. Let me see.
 "We have learned from our best-loved Sestris, that he is
 greatly struck by the beauty of a certain Mytilenian lady,
 who tho' obscured by fortune, hath yet a royal descent to hang
 her claims on, and that moreover our son desires to wed her,
 that hereafter she may share his throne, and yet find a kingdom
 on our shores. Feeling the rapid strides of age, and fearing
 every day our end, we are desirous of having our son give up
 his travels, and fix his residence near our royal person, that
 the young arm may lend stability to the infirm: for that
 purpose, and thinking that his marriage would lend ballast to
 the wing of his dissatisfaction, we have written the governor
 Timoleon to aid him; and by a subsequent letter we learn
 the object of our son's love to be your ward—We therefore
 request your sanction to our son's marriage with the lady
 Sappho—so fulfilling our joy." *Egypt.*

It is the very spleen of circumstance
 To rob us of our best gifts in our age,
 The prince hath played his part with skill I see,
 Well Egypt, if our friendship hangs on this
 We must shake hands, and part. Yet will I write
 And tell him how it stands; but leave no loophole
 For my consent to ooze from, and for that purpose
 I will destroy this letter, lest hereafter
 It tempts me to consent to Egypt's wish. (*Tears up Letter.*
 My foe comes in my guest.

Enter SESTRIS and PELEON.

Sestris. Sir, I'll be brief,
 For many words suit idle ceremony—
 Exiled from my discourse—I need scarce say,
 That my persistent following of your ward
 Against your wish, makes me no fitting inmate
 Of your welcome-echoing roof; pray, judge me not
 Ungrateful by this action, but think rather
 My love for Sappho being greatest, forces me
 To this unthankful part; yet clean devoid
 Of that ingratitude it seems to wear
 Upon its manifest front.

Cleon. Sir, as you will.
It grieves me this dissention should arise,
And you should leave me as an enemy.
Your father would not do't.

Sestris. But how say you,
I leave you as an enemy ?

Cleon. My lord,
Why do you leave my house then ? if you have
No thoughts, or hatched designs against myself
Respecting Sappho, why not here remain ?
Your very action gives me to think you have—
In that you speak't yourself.

Sestris. Against all odds,
I am resolved to win your ward, my lord.

Cleon. As it is unaccomplished, so will it be.
Epire, do you depart ?

Peleon Good sir, your pardon,
Egypt prevails so far with me to go.
Sir, my heart speaks more than a wordy thanks.
Bid you farewell. Timoleon will be our host.

[*Exeunt PELEON and SESTRIS.*]

Cleon. Gone to Timoleon's ?—then there's more in this.
My friends desert me wholesale—'tis the way ;
For fortune, being a young and wanton power,
Will scarcely love an aged man :—methought
Peleon went loath. Well, well, there'll be an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A retired place near Mytilene.*

Enter PHAON.

Phaon. This was the time I was about to meet
A messenger from Sappho to myself,
O time ! time ! time ! thou should'st be cut in atoms,
And every atom have a pair of wings
To lend thee speed at seasons such as these !
Were I a God and angry at thy halt,
I'd powder thee to dust to fill thy glass.
I was to know when I should meet with Sappho :—

This halting messenger to its extreme
My little patience drives.

[Exit.

Enter HERA.

Hera. This is the place
I was to meet lord Phaon in,—he comes not.
The presence of this place invites me not.
Ha! sure I catch that trick of his known gait,
Right! I can see him yonder :—now he waits
With hot desire for Sappho's word from me.

[Exit.

Enter MEMNON and PELEON.

Peleon. It is as you have well described the place—
A den of weirdness. What makes you look that way?

Memnon. Nay, pray you do not look.

Peleon. What is't my lord?

[PHAON and HERA appear in the distance.

Memnon. Do not my lord.

Peleon. Sight never killed me yet.
O! ye delusions that on mortal sense,
To truth's discredit, hang!—what do I see?

[Draws his sword.

Memnon. Stay!—stay my lord!—rashness is weakness
now—

Secrecy strength.

Peleon. What, stay to see my shame!
And yet I cannot go, it roots me here,
As tho' the world were shrunken to this spot,
And a small step from this most terrible circle
Would hurl me down thro' space.

Memnon. Peace my lord, peace.

Peleon. Who speaks of peace, at such a time as this?

Memnon. My lord, I own you have small cause for such,
Tho' all the greater need.—I see your case!
O! pity melt at this.

Peleon. Give me your hand,
That I may feel in this great blank and darkness,

That comes as suddenly as the dreaded end
 When all things fade in gloom—something that's human,
 With pity in its soul.

[PHAON and HERA disappear in the distance

Memnon. My lord, bear up,
 Come from this place, the sight will kill you, though now
 They are not in view now. Did I know your eye
 Was fastened on yon lady, ere you wooed her,
 I might have saved you this.

Peleon. How, sir ?

Memnon. Then I would
 Have told you something to prevent your stepping
 Farther in a bad business.

Peleon. Do not say so !
 And yet why hold your peace ? I see it now. [*Walks aside.*

Memnon. Your threats for nothing sir !—I am your
 friend.

(*Aside*) So prince, I send you home with other thoughts
 Than those you came with. I was bent on this—
 I make you lose a thing, I would not now
 Myself possess—smile malice at the trick !
 He suffers worse than toothache.

Peleon (aside.) It shall be so !
 I am not felled, tho' pains of many years
 Were in that moment packed to strike me with—
 In such a place too, and at such a time !
 O Gods ! you should have struck me instant blind
 Ere I that sight encountered !—What should they have,
 That wears the least excuse for such a meeting ?
 I will denounce her for a wanton thing,
 And part from her before her father's face.
 (*Aloud*) Sir, who was that, her fellow ?

Memnon. He is a stranger to me—
 I know him not by sight. Think no more of't.

Peleon. Then bid me breathe no more—Come I must go.
 This place ten thousand times more hateful grows
 Each moment I stand here. Sir, keep this secret—

Hereafter you may hear a little stir,—
 But button up this business in your breast,—
 It is my wish : our shame loves not the light.

Memnon. Never doubt me, as close I'll be as night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Court of Justice in Governor's Palace.*

TIMOLEON, MEMNON, PELOPIDAS, ARISTARCHUS, CRATES,
 AND OTHERS, *discovered sitting.*

Enter CLEON *and* SAPPHO, *supported by* PENELOPE
and IOLE.

Timoleon. Sir, this most grave assembly at our bidding
 Has met to hear your cause,
 Urged at the lance-point of necessity :
 Alternative barred out.

Cleon. My honoured lord,
 And you respected men. I did not think
 To enter in this chamber as defendant,
 Where I so oft have stood with you in judgment :—
 Alas ! while great offences go unpunished
 Here on this earth, left to that principle
 Of divine vengeance falling on heads hereafter—
 You have no other office, than to hale
 Your honoured ones before you, for that they
 Would have the liberty which you enjoy.
 I know not what to say, the case itself
 Being so strange, and nonrecurrent :—more than this,
 I stand here to protest against the action
 In your attempt to rob me of my ward !
 Why what authority have you to do it ?
 If you invade our private liberties,
 Why—brand us slaves at once.

Aristarchus. Honourable sir,
 We do not act without consent of law ;
 Your imputation of tyranny is groundless,
 And we resent the charge. Have we not power
 Summoned by the Governor's mandate to decide
 A case without your comment ?

Cleon. Our tongues slaves too?

Aristarchus. Aye! sir, and shall be while I sit as one
In judgment of your case.

Pelopidas. You have refused
Upon the governor's command—to give up Sappho,
And for that reason you are summoned here
To see what hold the law has on the lady.

Cleon. The law! what claim has it to show, to grace
So strange a robbery?

Timoleon. That shall you see.
Memnon, as you discovered this strange law,
So shall you now expound it.

Memnon. Hear my lord,
And you sage councillors, there is a law—
Tho' its disuse hath put it out of memory,
Yet unrepealed upon our ancient books:
Wherein it is set down, that this our state
Hath the control entire, over the lives
And fortunes of all orphans, to the prejudice
Of any titled guardian; and moreover
That for the states advantage, they may be
Disposed of as thought fitting—there's the law—
If you'll be pleased to glance it. [*Hands the Law to Cleon.*]

Cleon. Ha! I see,
And from the dusty archives of the past,
This rag of a most vicious antiquity
Is rummaged up to do a service now
To my dishonour.

Aristarchus. There you insult again!
Our dignities are touched.

Pelopidas. You do endanger
The states, and fortunes of the Lesbians,
By barring Egypt's wish—why should one man
By his own wilfulness incur the wrath
Of such a power?

Cleon. Then you love safety better
Than liberty, poor fool!—do you not see
The both are riveted?

Timoleon. Sir, this is not a time
For private bickering :—you hear the law.

Cleon. And as I hear, I answer,—listen my lords—
I did not think to plead my merits here,
But since you push me with injustice—listen !
If memory of my services, or age,
Do not call up a blush upon your cheeks,—
I speak to all—then am I sorry for you—
The sense of shame being lost—the greater shame
Accrues to all—hide, bide, your heads my lords !
You who do hang so much on Egypt's wish—
And with a dismal vision of our state
Running to seed, if we refuse him this,
Stuff out your reason for this present action—
Have you forgotten how full many a time
I have from shipwreck saved our island state ?
O ! if you cannot blush, think of your fathers,
Who oft without our gates have met my troops
And borne me on their shoulders home triumphant !—
And yet their sons do this ! O ! wretched men
Who show the very weakness of your rule
By such a sacrifice ! ungrateful heads
Who sell your benefactor for a favour.
O do not frown ! this is my privilege !—
You who so oft have listened with applause
And cheered me onward in a full discourse
With shouts and exhibitions of delight
While I your purpose served—must now abide
To hear me speak—the first time in my life
Against yourselves. Your oath my lord Timoleon
Is of more value than most mortal swearing.
If you will keep it to my prejudice—
I think 'tis gilded. And for you other sirs,
Pelopidas, your statesmanship's a farce,
Standing before your better purposes.
And Aristarchus is a thing of dignity,
Who goads the harmless world ; for Memnon—well
Silence shall be his epitaph. I scorn you all,
And do defy you !—I have yet a voice
That shall appeal against this tyranny

I speak behind my veil, for to uncover
 In such a presence would be shame indeed—
 I feel myself supported by the Gods,
 A race of ancient heroes speaks in me
 And tells you I am free—not to be bought
 As cattle are for gold—O ! shame to you
 To force a lady speak in such a case
 As would not be believed ; where's our advance
 In arts and life, if such a thing as this
 Springs out to libel it ?

[*She swoons.*

Penelope. O ! heartless men
 Disgracing your authority and state !
 Pluck off your robes, for you have forfeited
 Respect for ever now.

Iole. Ah me ! my bird.
 See she revives, Penelope.

Cleon. Bear her hence.
 [SAPPHO is led out by PENELOPE and IOLE.

Now chain me up for what I hiss at you !
 Had I a force I'd level your damned state
 For such a blow as this.

Timoleon. It is a privilege
 We give you to speak freely—yet beware.
 We do not give our judgment on this hearing,
 But do indulge you with a week's delay,
 In our consideration of your merits ;
 But at the expiration of that time,
 If you refuse to give your ward to Egypt
 Of your free will, the law shall give us power
 To take her from you.

Cleon. Kindness is artful there,
 You do confess the dirty part you play
 By making it a bare necessity !
 Then I defy you still, and will not yield her !
 Your threats as nothing counted.

[*Exeunt CLEON and CRATES.*

Timoleon. Crates as well.
 We'll have a guard of soldiers watch Cleon's house

To see the girl escapes not—since we have gone
 At this length we will finish what's begun,
 For the aspersion still will rest on us,
 Should we throw up the matter.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Country near Mytilene.*

Enter SAPPHO and ATHENAGORAS.

Sappho. In this disguise have I imposed on those
 Set to keep watch upon my guardian's house.
 You have I think been well advised before,
 By certain faithful friends of my crossed fortune,
 Touching the object of my visit here—
 My state being known as well.

Athenagoras. Lady I have :
 You would for motives of your own, become
 A priestess unto Dian.

Sappho. Yet my conscience,
 For that a personal selfishness obtrudes,
 Gives me a twinge at th' action. Your advice sir,
 And speak your free opinion, for report
 Speaks of you as a friend unto my guardian,
 As you were once unto my father dead.
 How would you council ?

Athenagoras. Madam, obey your wish,
 That is my council. Nature is innocent,
 Man names things evil—the eyes of scholars minds
 Have no blood, or affection in themselves,
 But are objective in their judgements :—grant now
 I may by reason plant the same in you.
 The natures of the Gods, or their strict honours
 Are not detracted from by men's contempt,
 Or augmented by their praise—for reason still
 Is more acceptable to heavenly powers
 Than erring superstition—what is the worship
 Of Dian, or great Jove ?—an institution
 Mere human—no divine command impells it.
 Then since the worship of the Gods is left
 To our free natures and each reasonable method,
 It is no outrage or a sin in you

To take the method of the general Greek
 For such a purpose as your own ; but further,
 Say if it were, you do become a priestess
 To Dian to preserve your chastity
 From Egypt's touch—that is sincerest worship
 Of such a power. The Gods remain the same,
 Our motives, not our worship do they count,
 And we resemble their pervading minds,
 When we distinguish false appearances
 From all things real. Your motive does absolve you
 From any charge or blame.

Sappho. Grave sir, there's comfort
 In what you speak.

Athenagoras. I would go onward still,
 But that your mind is yet too young and weak,
 And tell you that the Gods which are adored
 Are but men's vain opinions of the Gods—
 They in their indefinable natures resting
 Supreme above our thought.

Sappho. O ! for a mind
 That should peep through the essence of all things,
 And slay the dreads of earth. Sir, your discourse
 Has given repose to my questions, so confirming
 The infant speculation of my mind.
 And now with peace can I defy the law
 By sheltering under Dian's temple roof ?

Athenagoras. And as you seek the temple for this purpose,
 So when it serves your purpose to escape,
 Leave it without reproach, and count on me
 To aid you on a warning from yourself,
 From this our watched and guarded port to fly.

Sappho. You who refuse all gifts, but nature's gifts
 Of air, earth, water, fire, receive this purse
 If only for remembrance.

Athenagoras. 'Twere as useless
 As a weak straw within a giant's hand
 To whip the world with. Keep it.

[*Exit.*

Enter PHAON.

Phaon. Ah! yet in time.—My heaven!

Sappho. O Phaon! what a time
Have I lived thro' since last I saw your face!
And I who have as dauntless been as death,
That never shews his back to mortal man,
In teeth of many troubles, do break down
At sight of you, my love.

Phaon. All cause for it
You have, but yet do not :—where's Athenagoras?

Sappho. Gone, but a moment since.

Phaon. You are resolved
To dedicate yourself to Dian?—think,
I have a power in my true followers,
And many friends in Lesbos, waiting on
My signal for their rising to defy
The state, and rescue you—the port is watched
And every exit from the city guarded
Your flying to prevent—speak, and I'll raise
My men within an hour.

Sappho. And run the chance
Of your defeat, or worse, your death. Oh no!
Go rest in quietness a little time,
And when the prince of Egypt I have baulked,
And he departs from Lesbos, then I leave
The sheltering temple for yourself. My love,
Be very cautious—since the state takes up
The prince's cause against my wretched self.
Do not disclose our loves by being rash,
For that would give a handle to our foes
To force my union stronger with the prince,
Claiming my preference for him, and alleging
My love for you, as disqualifying me
For Dian's service.—Have a care.

Phaon. And so
I now must bid farewell, leaving our meeting
To an uncertain chance. O bitterness!
I have no cause for anything but grief,

Your plan small comfort gives.

Sappho. Let Egypt go,
And you will live in hope. [*Enter Leon.*

Leon. Sir, and my lady,
Someone approaches, you had best be quick. [*Exit.*

Phaon. My faithful sentry, how his little mirth
Contrasts with woe like this. I'll go along
And see you within sight of Mytilene.
O! thou uncertain future.

Sappho. Peace! my love,
As we move on we'll bid a short farewell,
Our sorrow only tolls its own sad knell;
We shall survive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Interior of the Temple of Diana.*

Enter CLEON, PENELOPE, and SAPPHO, met by
ARCHIDAMUS.

Cleon. Our first intention to appeal to Greece
Is cancelled by this action. Reverend sir,
Within the holy precincts of this house
We have accompanied our gentle ward,
Who to the keeping of Diana's hand
Does render up herself.

Archidamus. The Gods be praised!
And chiefly her I serve, for such intent
Within so young a mind. It is a cause
Of grief among our order, that the times
Have so corrupted grown, that Dian's altars
By virgins are untended, for the reverence
Of ruder ages—happier for the Gods—
Is well nigh obsolete.

Cleon. Better be thus,
Than Egypt's bride, obtained by tyranny.

Penelope. Ah me! my Sappho! O! my life, my joy!
Going into silence, and this holy calu,

Where we shall rarely see your face again ;
 How can I live thro' all the tedious days
 That come like cripples on, in time to come
 Without your young life, and supporting love !
 O ! wretched day ! the Grecian salutation,
 " Rejoice " shall never come from me again—
 I am all sorrow for the rest of life,
 Having lost the smile of joy.

Archidamus. Cease these laments,
 Nor even let the epilogue of a sigh
 Diana's joy damp, as she sits in heaven
 Viewing this voluntary dedication
 Of one unto her service. What say you,
 Who do present yourself ?

Sappho. Little, but little,
 I am impatient to begin my office,
 Speaking in actions only.

Archidamus. It is well.

Penelope. See ! she is overdone with anxious care.

Archidamus. I will admit you instantly, prepare.
[Solemn Music

Come, I as Dian's minister extend
 A hand of welcome to you, bid farewell
[SAPPHO bids farewell to PENELOPE and CLEON.
 To these your guardians, and the noisy earth,
 And enter on the peace of your great office,
 Even as the silent presence of a prayer
 Invades the listening atmosphere of heaven.
 The world is over for thee, and the train
 Of vanities that do divert the soul
 From its ascending purpose. Peace ! come down,
 And like a holy spirit as thou art
 Infold this gentle spirit with thy wings,
 That she amid the pauses of her thoughts
 May listen those eternal harmonies
 Fraught with the revelations of the Gods
 To her enraptured soul. A little step,
 And all is over—come.

[SAPPHO goes into the inner part of the Temple.

Archidamus (closing the gates on SAPPHO.)

No grief, but joy.

Cleon. You speak that to a man who has not yet
The power to reverse the laws of nature,
And smile at sorrow.

Penelope. O my girl! my girl!
For ever gone. Death is a blessed state!

Archidamus. Return and thank the Gods you are so
blessed

In having one to serve them; I extend
A privilege rare to my authority
In granting you permission, and free scope
To hold communication with your ward—
Or she who was such—but is Dian's now—
Even as she does permit you.

Cleon. I have never
In all my guardianship crossed her desire;
But now I would I had:—my fearful loss
Now breaks like lightning on me.

Penelope. Gone like a dream!
And all the past a picture to remind
The gazer of a loss—alas the day!
I pray you let me lie upon this ground,
I cannot farther go from that dear spot
Her presence does make sacred.

Cleon. Penelope!
Arise, and let us go. [Exeunt CLEON and PENELOPE.

Archidamus. And thus it is
The young and heavenward-tending spirit hath
Against such mortal obstacles to contend.
I had an intimation that her guardians
Did try to reason her from her intent
By all affections urge as arguments,
But praise be to the Gods for that their tongues
Did not prevail upon her!

Enter TIMOLEON, SESTRIS, and others

Sestris. We are too late !

Timoleon. Where is the lady Sappho ?

Archidamus. Here within.

Beyond the reach of your authority,
And underneath a Goddess' gracious eye !
Why with this rude appearance, and rash haste
Do you rush in the closure of these walls,
Whose holy echoes are unwisely wakened
By this presumption ?—speak.

Timoleon. Mouth of that power,
Whom we adore in Lesbos, is she gone ?

Archidamus. Gone from your power, and doubtful
tyranny.

A priestess and by Dian now protected—
Your power may stretch to all ; but those who seek
A sanctuary from it here are safe.

Timoleon. We know it, pardon this our rude intrusion.
Come Egypt, you dare hope no more—our part
On your behalf is all for nothing played.

Archidamus. Away, you evil ministers of vice,
Nor dare to utter this unholy talk,
For fear the power whose revered shrine I keep,
Fell you upon this pavement.

[*Exeunt all but ARCHIDAMUS.*

This is the prince
Who would obtain yon jewel hid within,
Ah ! wicked man, who daring not to rob
The Gods of their true servants, yet would cheat them
Of such before their oath ; but that was sworn
Ere you had any inkling of the matter,
And duly entered, with all ceremony
An hour before the dawn. Go Egypt—go !
With your detested purpose— you are checked
Even by the Goddess' self, and Sappho saved
From all authority, and power on earth,
Being heaven's own property.

[*Exit.*

*Enter PHAON, before the gates of the inner part of
the Temple.*

Phaon. O! life, and death!
 What in the revolutions of our lives
 Falls heavier than such a dreadful loss
 Even in our gaining moment!—There is she hid!
 And not the combined power of all the earth
 Can draw her hence,—while I remain without,
 Like to a heavenly ruin, having lost
 The centre of attracting force, which kept
 My orb in circuit. This her quick resolve—
 Beating all opposition to the ground—
 Was into execution put ere wonder,
 Could waken from its dream. Now she is gone,
 I a mere fool sustain the greatest loss
 This capable life can feel—all because fortune
 Raised that Egyptian enemy to our love,
 And crossed our course. Yet will I put in act
 The quick invention of this nimble brain
 To steal a glance at her, and with this comfort
 Will now depart, but I am like a prisoner,
 Burdened with chains, restraining my free steps
 Growing unto this ground—each step I take
 From this blessed sanctuary newly consecrated
 By my love's presence, is a kind of death:
 Turning my eyes from this bright centre, off,
 I do encounter night, and all the fancies
 That brooding sorrow with prolific mind
 Makes lightning shapes in th' dark with—O! my bliss!
 That time's caprice should play a trick like this.
 Adieu my life! Adieu! while I am free
 I'll study to enlarge thy liberty,
 Despite the world—farewell! sole thought of mine. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.**Enter TIMOLEON and SESTRIS.*

Timoleon. Egypt, no more! Would that this matter had
Remained untouched by us—repentance comes
At the late action like a spring-time frost
Destroying bud and fruit, within a mind
That in its fair prospectus had mapped out
A course of virtue, and white-handed justice,
Such as would grace our seat—no more! No more!
The lady is beyond our touch, and we
Have made a foe of one—the truest heart
That ever counselled us.

Sestris. Do as you will,
But by your leave, I still will watch the game—
For that I have some doubts touching the motive,
Which drives this beauteous lady to the Gods—
I am content to wait. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHAON in a bondservant's attire.

Phaon. Our cunning hopes
Teach us strange uses—Love is still a thing
Full of adaptive spirit, and disgrace,
Where birth is touched, is banished from its mind,
My prolonged absence from fair Mytilene
Makes me a stranger to its citizens,
And so imposing on their ignorance,
I have an office taken under Cleon
Where chance may haply aid me get a sight
Of Sappho, as her guardian's messenger,
And so I live upon uncertainty,
Raising a hope up from a doubtful chance:
Where all is guesswork, and unknown, we count
On each side equally. [*Enter BRASIDAS.*]

Brasidas. My lord, no reasoning
Could drive you from your purpose, then, I see.

Phaon. Brasidas home! go look to my estate—
Still give it out that I am travelling,

Your office does not warrant your intrusion—
Although in kindness meant, my faithful heart,
Upon each step I take.

Brasidas. I do obey.

Phaon. I still will find all fitting times, wherein
To speak my orders to you.

Brasidas. Fortune attend you. [Exit.

Enter LEONIDAS and ICARO.

Icaro. Off, fair disguise! and shew the face of night!
What ups and downs the stumbling course of man
Is apt to light on. O! the comedy!
Love plays more parts than an adventurer
Coining his wit for bread.

Phaon. Leonidas,
And you Icaro, keep this trick of mine
Jealously secret in your faithful breasts;
Even as the lion doth his dreaded den,
For the disclosure would be mortal war
Between the world and me, besides the loss
Of that I live to reach.

Leonidas. Fear not for that.

Phaon. Come, I can waste an hour in talk with you,
There are retired places hereabout. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Melanthus' House.

Enter PELEON.

Peleon. It is the meddling finger of desire
That spoils our lives. Nature's economy
Making all things prolific in their uses
Might teach us this, where nothing jars the bent:
That mortal devil of despair awaits
On rasher questioning. There is the fact—
That she is false, there are all proofs, but one,
And that's a consequence upon the rest,
Presumptive, and entire. Why do I reason
When passion should have infinite scope and play

To stamp me mortal, as too much I am ?
 And yet that yields a weaker remedy—
 What shall I be ? O ! question, question !
 That I were nothing now. [Enter HERA.

Hera. Ha ! sir, you love
 This solitude—have you the toothache, pray ?
 When you are not fit company for me,
 You are not for yourself.

Peleon. The time is gone
 For sporting madam—it is like sweet music
 Played in the senseless ear of rotten death.

Hera. What does this mean sir ?

Peleon. Call your father hither,
 I will unfold my mind then. (Exit HERA.)

O ! spite of time !

That the good Gods should stand indifferent,
 Preventing not our woes. The sight of her
 Doth almost thaw my purpose with repentance,
 Yet what prospective peace have I to hope
 In taking beauty eaten by the worm
 Of such corruption to my yielding arms,
 With no regenerating influence
 To purge her mortal nature from the stain
 Of that which hath an infinite consequence
 Beyond all calculation—O ! let her go.
 There's reason in some rashness :—error's dominion
 Is boundless as the heavens, and does invade
 The very courts of truth—what my heart speaks
 Shall be my cue for action at all odds.
 Down thought, and crouch.

Re-enter HERA with MELANTHUS.

Melanthus. Hail sir, my girl reports
 Strange disposition in you. What's the cause ?

Peleon. Hear it, and after give the leaning ear
 Of babbling credulity to all
 Inventions monstrous, and chimeras mad
 Rebounding from the mind

Melanthus. Sir, cease our wonder,

What great misfortune treads upon your life ?

Peleon. And yet without the prologue of,—alas !
Or some equivalent, to usher in
The dreadful revelation that I hold,
Can I—
Like to an eager news-devouring churl,
Strike to my business straight ?—and yet I must
Tho' the wide tongue of earth clamoured me—peace !
O ! fearful office.

Melanthus. Sir, you amaze us.

Peleon. All circumstances of the time and place
By me put by, altho' the instruments
And levers to my proof—I skip them all—
Since their recital would clean drive me mad,
I drop upon the accusation straight.
Sir, you did give your daughter unto me,
And tho' I was as willing as the heels
Of Mercury, or the spirit of desire,
To take her ere you ended your giving speech,
Yet, if 'tis possible ten thousand times
More willingly do I return your gift,
Rather than marry a calamity
The world hath such a jest on.

Melanthus. Plainer sir,
It is a time for openness, I scent
A fearful meaning in your starting words,
I do command you—speak.

Peleon. Yet more direct !
I would have spared your daughter—yet she should not
Shrink from the hearing of her proper name :
Sir, there she stands, look well upon her—do,
And then confess her, the most cunning she,
When I pronounce her—

[*Whispers to Melanthus.*

Hera (*Overhearing him.*) Oh ! [Swoons.

Melanthus. Heaven fell you !—liar ! [*Strikes PELEON.*
You have infused the spirit of a rage,
Beyond my most command—Liar ! again.

[*Strikes him again.*

Peleon. Sir, you must thank the Gods for your great age,
Or by their lasting power this foul affront
You should have answered to me for with life—
The headlong courser of my wrath is up,
And I can ill restrain its dangerous course,
Beware.

Melanthus. I care not, let it mount foul liar !
For I have no consideration now
But for my daughter's honour.

Peleon. If it please you,
There is a gentleman without the door
Who can bear witness to this.

Melanthus. What ! Have you dared
To make your lie a public shame against me,
And publish this ? Another liar, sir,
Not all the earth for witness could impeach
My daughter's honour to me.—Curse your tricks !
Does this officious note in you, in citing
Another like yourself make me believe it—
Think you it does !—yet that he may receive
My estimate of him,—and that I may
Quench him with " Liar," call him. [Exit Peleon.

My girl, how now ?

Hera. Give me your arm,—do not withhold that guard.
Sir, I am innocent.

Melanthus. Not one word more !—
Do I need proof of that ? [Re-enter PELEON with MEMNON.
Memnon !—sir, dare you
Stand witness to the horrid lie he breathes ?

Memnon. I do stand witness, not unto a lie,
As your ancestral pride, and father's love,
The prince's true assertion dare to call
Touching your daughter, tho' it does you credit,
Still to believe against another's proof,
Your daughter's innocence.

Melanthus. You are not called to flatter,—speak,
That I may give the epithet to you,
Which I have thrown on him.

Memnon. If sight is proof
I can corroborate the prince's word—
Our senses else are false. Sir, by your leave
May I a question put unto your daughter ?

Melanthus. No ! to what purpose, such a burning insult ?
Yet speak,—you shall.

Memnon. Lady, beseech you answer.
If that you have recovered sufficient now
To comprehend the subject of our talk.
Two nights ago, did you not meet a man
Within a wild and melancholy part
Upon the western side of Mytilene ?
Hold sir, have patience (*to MELANTHUS.*) [*HERA starts.*]

Melanthus. Give them the lie, girl. [*HERA walks aside.*]
She is distracted—not another question—
It kills her as it is.

Hera (aside.) It must have been,
They saw me then.—Two nights ago said he,
The villain blackens me in that word, night,
For it was scarcely sunset. Now should I
Reveal the purpose of my errand there,
And who it was I went to meet withal,
I take the key-stone of these lovers' safety,
And all the arch falls in—I cannot do it,
Betray the gentle Sappho, and that man
More noble than the world ; yet, if I do not,
I stand a butt for all suspicious shafts,
And give shame liberty—fearful alternative,
That like a shadow creeps upon my steps.
O Gods ! what shall I do ? what can I do ?
My mortal purpose shakes, unravelling
This dread perplexity. I will do that !
I cannot cause the ruin of my friends
By such disclosure.

Peleon (to Memnon.) Mark, mark, my lord, look there,
Her condemnation of herself speaks plainly
In her strange action—she is guilty sure,
Or I ne'er saw guilt.

Memnon (to Peleon.) Who doubts of that—observe.

Melanthus. Hera why hold us captive in suspense,
When by a word you can deny the charge?

Hera. And so I do sir—I am innocent—
Do you need me to say a hundred words?
I fling this filthy imputation back.
Gods! that I were a man now.

[*As she is falling MELANTHUS catches her.*]

Melanthus. I know it girl.
What cause for such a test?—By all that's dear,
I dare you sir to speak. [Exit with HERA.]

Memnon. He is immovable,

In his belief in her.

Peleon. Would that I were,
For I lose all, in losing such belief,
And stand a useless cypher—O! my soul!
So fair, and yet so false. [Re-enter MELANTHUS.]

Melanthus. Both liars! still.—
Hear me, who have conspired against my peace:
Against the sense of my retiring shame,
I am resolved to give this business forth
Unto the greedy scandal of the world,
And to the judgment of a test of arms
To put my daughter's innocence, so proving
Your false indictment 'gainst her—hear me further,
I do defy you, and by every means
Conspire against your lives; beware, I warn you,
For you shall find me pitiless as death—
As fierce as hunger, or provoked revenge
Bidding adieu to mercy.

Memnon. You go beyond
Your power in threatening such.

Melanthus. Power! what restrictions
Of law or policies, can chain in peace
The awakened indignation that I feel?
Impeach my daughter!—what have I to lose?
But all to hope for tho'—a desperate case

Is burdened with few scruples.—Out of my house !
 No longer give pollution to this place
 Lest I forget myself :—away, begone !

[*Exeunt PELEON and MEMNON.*]

O ! that an evil such as this should light
 Upon my years, after a prosperous course.
 Enone, thou art dead, and happier dead
 Than living to hear such a wrong as this
 Languaged against our child.—O ! woful time ! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Temple of Diana.*

Enter SAPPHO.

Sappho. The drowsy eyelid of the day is shut,
 And night within the fountain deeps of heaven,
 Her everlasting torches sets to shine,
 And yet no peace on earth—all discord here—
 Sustaining music there. This is the time,
 My little messenger is wont to come,
 Who by his boyish prattle brings to me
 A breath of outside life.—A step,—not Leon's,—
 Who comes this way ? [Enter PHAON disguised]

Phaon. From Cleon madam,
 Your guardian, do I come.

Sappho. Where's Leon then ?

Phaon. He gives his place to me.

[*Taking off his disguise.*]

Sappho. O ! Phaon ! Phaon !

Phaon. Speak low, and hold your joy within restraint.
 The priest who passed his word for my admittance,
 Looked with a dangerous eye upon myself.
 To save your questions, and the time to treasure,
 I will unfold the nature of my state :
 I did a service take beneath your guardian,
 On purpose to await this happy chance,—
 My secret only known unto my friends,—
 And so have gained my hope.

Sappho. You dare your fate,
For love of me my Phaon—bend down your ear,
That I may whisper my great joy to you,
Or pray you read it in this happy sigh,
Relieving my charged heart.

Phaon Let that come after
My breathing joy ;—give me a moment first.

Sappho. And you have wed this abject state for me.

Phaon. Put that aside, disgrace is in ourselves,
And not in any outside accidents.
Athenagoras hath procured a ship
That sails at midnight from our harbour roads ;
And here without Leonidas awaits,
With young Icaro, and my Brasidas,
Assistant of our flight,—come, come, away,
No time for answering, death is in delay.

Sappho. O Phaon ! what a task.

Phaon. This is our chance,
The prince of Egypt swears to stay until
He wins you by persuasion, or rude might :
The governor daily yields unto his words,
And who can calculate the consequence
If he should sanction them.

Sappho. But Cleon ? Cleon ?
And then Penelope ?

Phaon. Are you prepared
For love of me to bid them all farewell,
Until such time as we can send for them,
And settle with them on Italian ground
Where I have friends in power ?

Sappho. Is there that hope ?
Nay, then the desperation of our case
Doth warrant my agreement to your plan,
And yet a certain sorrow wakens, Love,
To leave my kindred, and my only home—
Love, let me think one moment.

Phaon. If ere a power
To mould your purpose lived upon my tongue,

I do implore you listen to me now,
 Consideration is delay—O come!
 I as the spirit of your safety kneel,
 I do beseech you fly with me,—speak not,
 Give me your hand, as token if you will—
 O! now resolve.

Sappho. How can I say you nay,
 But yet the dread of now endangering you
 Makes me to hesitate.

Phaon. Fear not for that,
 Once reach the threshold you are safe.

Sappho. I go.
 Be quick and stealthy.

Phaon. Come.

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, with one or two followers armed.

Archidamus. Back! I command you,
 You do not fly as yet :—I heard that word,
 Seize yonder fellow. (*Followers seize PHAON.*)

No resistance sir.

You madam.

Sappho. Unbind him sirs!—my heart!
 What hath he done? how dare you touch his person!
 Let go your hold.

Phaon. Off fellow! 'Tis too late.

Sappho. My cursed delay provoked this misery;
 O sir! this is my guardian's messenger—
 Unbind him—let him go.

Archidamus. Not while I live.

Phaon. Most insolent cur! your office set at nought!
 Say, by what power do you compel my stay?
 I'll have you answer this.

Archidamus. Madam, no fainting now.

[*One of the followers supports SAPPHO.*]

And you sir, every word you utter now
 Shall be an evidence to plead against you.
 To-morrow you shall both before the court,
 And on my charges judged, and so condemned;

You madam, for intent to leave your office,
A crime whose punishment is instant death.
You, for pollution, and for sacrilege
Within this holy house—O ! fear you not,
The laws of my religion warrant me,
In so revenging the immortal Gods,
On their most mortal trespassers. Lead hence. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Public Place.*

Enter TOWN CRIER, followed by a Mob.

T. Crier. I'll tell you nothing though I should die for it! To your business.

1 Speaker. What die for speaking?

T. Crier. Yes, though I should die for speaking: and to come to that, there be some who would hang us for thinking; but then we have two tongues, one that speaks inside to ourselves and one that speaks outside;—some men would kill us for living.

2 Speaker. Hark thee! who did ever kill a dead man?

T. Crier. Come, who wants to dispute?—have I a hundred tongues for all your questions?

To your business. *[Enter BRASS drunk.*

Brass. Friend publisher, I am truly sorry to see thee in this plight.

T. Crier. What plight, man?

Brass. Drunk! drunk! you are drunk:—followed by such a mob too;—come, come, give me your arm and lead me, and I'll guarantee to put you home. Friends, neighbours, are you never drunk?

1 Speaker. Only when the chance comes.

2 Speaker. That's once in a blue-moon.

Brass. Have mercy on the moon then—I should say the man i'th blue-moon, for th' credit of th' city go to bed,—you're drunken all.

T. Crier. Come friend, 'tis a bargain, let's have your arm.

Brass. Stay a moment, I would lecture these first. The virtues of wine are detestable, tho' it hath some qualities too, for it makes a heavy dull head light enow:—and a man tired of life—mark me—such a one never clings to earth half so well as when he is drunk—ay! and will have all he

can cover, tho' he hath not a foot to stand on, that's true, he loses two feet to gain six.

1 *Speaker*. True, there are some qualities in wine which I have forgot ; I should be as like to take ditchwater for it.

2 *Speaker*. As a horse for a camel.

1 *Speaker*. I did not know I could afford an interpreter : well, there are always those who can speak more for others than themselves.

Brass. Friend, that is not your complaint.

T. Crier. Follow me no farther ; do you think I will tell you that a priestess is to be tried, and her lover too, and that there is to be a combat on another matter ?—go home, go home.—Come friend, Brass. [*Exeunt*.

Enter PELOPIDAS, and ARISTARCHUS.

Pelopidas. Calamity comes on him ; like the winds
That lash the brows of heaven, and burst on earth
When all the covering atmosphere is clear,
Even so, when fortune's sun was at its height
With Cleon, came this most unlooked for stroke
Upon his house.

Aristarchus. With fearful sloop indeed
Comes down this woe upon him ! wilfulness
Is oft'ner in our elders whipt—those young
Find pardon for it ;—promise of likelihood
Cancelling the offence.

Pelopidas. Our stiffer judgments
Must buckle to our pity in this case ;—
The bare recital of old Cleon's woes
Makes me his company in sympathy,
For I do hear of him such wild reports,
As would make grief itself forget its pain
To gaze in wonder on him.—Aristarchus,
It is the keenest trial of my life,
To sit in court and help condemn his ward
When such a sentence kills him.

Aristarchus. There is no pity
In necessary law, nor should there be.

This also is the day whereon Melanthus
 Doth put his daughter's innocence to the test
 If arms can such decide—but that's a matter
 Outside ourselves, being private,—our aged props
 Have most conspicuous parts ; come, it is time
 We took our seats for hearing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GUARDS, with SAPPHO, a prisoner, followed by CLEON,
 PENELOPE, and CRATES, met by TIMOLEON, SESTRIS,
 MEMNON, and others.

Timoleon. Archidamus is coming, do you say ?

Memnon. My lord, most likely he will be before us,
 He is all indignation,—such a priest
 Is a strong mortal guard for the good Gods
 Against all wrong.

Cleon. Crates, the joy I feel
 In having your tried friendship at this time
 Takes the fierce edge of all my sorrow off.

Crates. Would all thought as I do, Lesbos were then
 Your general friend.

Sestris. See my good lord, yon Cleon
 At a distance, kneels to you :—O ! be firm,
 The spirit of Archidamus be in you
 To teach you not to yield—justice ne'er warps.

Timoleon (to Sestris.) Egypt, in private to be plain with
 you,
 This mad remorseless zeal against yon girl
 Does ill become you.

Sestris. O conscience scrupulous !
 Most serious things are straws.

Cleon. Timoleon, your hearing,
 I beg this favour, as I would my life.

Timoleon. So small a thing I cannot well deny,
 Yet be not tedious.

Cleon. I, who did never yet
 Canvass one note of pity, being now
 Trampled beneath this dread calamity,

And humbled by it, kneel unto your justice.
 O ! grant it be not deaf—though blind—mark that.
 I pray you interpose your gracious word
 To save my ward from death : the Governor's word
 Is able still to cancel any sentence
 Though fraught with death, and uttered by a priest.
 I am not angry with my ward, for that
 Her love is fixed where 'tis, though great surprise
 Held Penelope and myself rapt at th' disclosure ;
 But that passed over, O ! my gracious lord !
 Think on my age, and then upon her youth :
 Look on her well my lord, say must she die
 So young, so exquisitely formed for joy,
 To be given o'er the property of death ?
 O ! think of death and all the horrid void,
 Thought, and sensation negatived before,
 From this bright world you hurl her.

Penelope. O ! the pity,
 My lord do think of it.

Cleon. To die so young—
 O sir ! I cannot see it, kill me first !—
 Is there no pity in you,—no one feeling,
 That striking which I hit upon the chords
 Of your lost generosity and pardon ?
 O ! for a power to tell me how to speak
 And win you to my purpose.—Let her not die,
 And I will be your slave for gratitude,
 She is so young for death.

Sestris. Why do you stop
 The progress of the governor ?

Cleon. Egyptian viper !
 'Tis thou that like a prompting devil stand'st
 Hissing thy horrid councils in his ear,
 Thou hast corrupted him.

Penelope. O ! my good lord,
 Our loss is cruel, but the suddenness
 Strikes even worse than that.

Phaon. It costs me a strained effort to be calm
 While speaking of these necessary things ;
 Yet do not so disturb me by laments,
 That I forget my proper dignity.
 Give me your hands, I'll bid farewell to each—
 Leonidas.

Leonidas. This mind is worthy you.
 My admiration held me sometime mute,
 You have approved yourself a fitting friend
 For any Spartan breathing.

Phaon. No praise now—
 You cannot bribe the horror of chill death
 By flattering those about to suffer it,
 I am but what occasion makes of me,
 And so are all men else—bid you farewell.

Leonidas. Farewell my friend, we are both Greeks by
 birth,
 And have been brothers ever in affection ;
 Hereafter when you're dead your memory
 Will be my sole companion : I shall treasure
 Time past with you as only valuable,
 The present and the future, but a void
 Scarce worth the breathing out—the Gods take life
 When they take from us things most worthy life.
 I am more mortal now than Spartan, fear not,
 I will perform whate'er you have set down
 Upon your last instructions—now farewell—
 Your hand—farewell.

Phaon. Farewell Leonidas !
 Excuse my farther speech. Icaro.

Icaro. Sir,
 My disposition hardly bears this strain
 Touching a deeper note than wit, or mirth
 In poor Icaro. I will help perform
 All you enjoin me—farewell.

Phaon. Farewell Icaro.
 Brasidas, come

Brasidas. O! master speak no more,
Each word goes through me like a two-edged knife,
Alas! the woful time—I who served your father;
And held you in these arms an infant. O sir!
A bitter period this.

Phaon. Come, bid farewell,
Let recollection sleep, for your rich service
I can but poorly pay you.

Brasidas. That I could buy
Your life by any term of slavery,
An old man I, and poor,—or only rich
In gratitude and love, to you my son:
Now do I sigh for death—farewell! farewell!

Phaon. Go yonder to my friends, they do inherit
My care for you. Guards I am ready.

[*Exeunt in opposite directions.*]

SCENE II.—*Room in Melanthus's House.*

Enter MELANTHUS and HERA.

Melanthus. This day the darkest in my life, my girl,
Breaks with a tenfold darkness; bringing not
A champion to uphold your innocence
And throw prince Peleon back his horrid lie.

Hera. Dear father, patience, some one will come forth
To take my cause in hand.

Enter PELEON fully armed; his face concealed by his helmet.

Melanthus. Sir, who are you?
And what your purpose?

Peleon. I am one who loves
Truth more than life, and justice above all,
And hither am I come to strike a blow,
And justify your daughter's innocence,
If mortal combat can perform such task,
And she accepts a champion without name.

Melanthus. Sir, we will not enquire into your name,
Your noble offer wipes out formality,
And makes me young with joy. Suffice it, sir,
You know the nature of my daughter's case,
And the conditions upon which you fight,
For when you are victorious, as you must be,
I give my daughter as your fair reward,
To be your wife—mark that.

Peleon I am content
To be a Menelaus, or a Paris
To fight for this fair lady, as those did
For a corrupted queen.

Melanthus. There ends the parallel.
The vicious Memnon known to you perchance,
Takes it presumptuously upon himself
Maintaining our fair daughter's guilt to fight
Against yourself—her champion.

Peleon. Memnon ? alas !
I know him sir, a man true to his purpose.
This quarrel then makes foes of two sworn friends,
It takes my heart away ; yet will I fight.
Fear not, I'll fight.

Melanthus. There is some time to spare
Before the combat—I'll leave you here awhile
Unto my daughter's sad society,
While I go t' superintend the lists, and see
Nothing unto your disadvantage done.
The trump will call you hence.

[*Exit.*

Peleon (*aside.*) So fair, so guilty.
It seems the evil spirits of the world
Are far more beautiful than virtue's slaves—
Have I too harshly judged her ? Gods ! not that.—
If she is innocent—then what am I ?
Compassion hath too many uncalled fancies.
The proof is there.

Hera. Sir, if you are a friend
Familiar to me choosing to be hid,
I thank you as such, if you are a stranger,
My thanks are doubled.

Peleon. Lady, whate'er I seem
 Let me be still unknown. The knowledge of myself
 Destroys my services' value. [*Hera starts.*]

Hera (aside.) That voice, ne'er heard before,
 Yet touches recollection with a pang.

Peleon. Lady, I would not have you think I fight
 Like any other champion in your cause,
 For I am not a champion for the truth,
 Of that you do maintain, your innocence :
 I must be plain, and tell you plainly this,
 For I am sworn 'gainst all hypocrisy,
 I do believe you guilty.

Hera. My champion, doubtful,
 Injustice then is flattered by a stroke,
 Not struck to death by hate !—How dare you doubt
 My innocence, yet come to champion it ?
 Your action gives the lie unto yourself.
 You fight for an untruth, in truth's own name ;
 I will have none such champions to uphold
 The holy nature of my cause—away !
 O ! in my greatest hope lies my despair,
 My greatest weakness in my help doth lie.
 I think you are too earnest for a jest !
 As you do hope for an unspotted name,
 Tell me what makes you draw your weapon forth,
 Against your armed professions ?

Peleon. That shall be.
 I fight tho' disbelieving in your cause,
 Because I would encounter death before
 I bore to see another fight for you.
 I fight for you to give the world the lie,
 Which yet I do believe to be the truth :
 And also, for that I could never see
 Another win you as his wished reward,
 Altho' I do not claim you as the prize
 Of my hoped victory.

Hera. How shall I name you
 Friend in profession, enemy in thought !
 Who with the self-same action break my heart,

And heal my honour. O ! your motives sir ?
 I will suppress all scorn and listen now,
 For indignation is so numbed in me,
 That I am drawn towards the thing I loathe,
 As tho' you had a power upon my life :—
 Great suffering makes me crave all pity now—
 A fearful thought is gnawing at my heart,—
 Who are you that do take so strange a course ?
 Tell me your name, in pity.

Peleon. I am not bound
 To satisfy you there, and yet I will—
 Listen, you do but court a greater pain—
 No exclamation—I am—

Hera. O speak ! speak !

[*Trumpet sounds the Summons.*

Peleon. The time is past—I should be there--not now.
 [*Exit.*

Hera. Not now ? then never ! Would that I were dead,
 For my best consolation turns to dread.
 Grief makes me fanciful !—now strike without !
 I am indifferent to the consequence.
Peleon, you would have sheltered me from this,
 Altho' the causer of this epilogue—
 Not hear another taunt me. O reason ! reason !
 Be overswayed in this great flood of passion,
 Take from me thought ! [*Enter MELANTHUS hastily.*

Melanthus. O woe ! up daughter ! up !
 Your champion's heart is touched by death—his words—
I have fought in the name of innocence,
But she was guilty, and I die,—now breathed.
 O fearful day that sees our noble race
 End in a confirmation of disgrace.

Hera. Unhappy *Hera* ! let me die with it.

Melanthus. No weakness girl, the time is gone for that.
 [*Enter Messenger.*

Messenger. Sir, taking off the the helmet of the dead,
 A dreadful revelation burst on us—
 Your daughter's champion was the prince.

Melanthus. Epire? [*Hera falls.*

Messenger. Memnon at sight of his discovered face
Flew from the lists—the greatest stir prevails,
For wonder and confusion bear the sway.

Melanthus. Go hide the prince's body from their gaze,
And notify this business to the court. [*Exit Messenger.*
The sequel shall be managed by itself.
So Peleon you were not content to smirch
My daughter's innocence, but you must come,
And as it were, give it the public lie,
Even by your death! Come daughter we must go,
I did arrange in case of this event,
All necessary things for instant flight,
For to drag out existence in this place,
Beneath the pointing finger of our shame,
Is what Melanthus cannot brook to do.
This very night from Lesbos do we sail.

Exit, bearing off HERA.

SCENE III.—*Timoleon's Palace. (A Court of Justice.)*

TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, PELOPIDAS, ARISTARCHUS, and
others discovered.

Enter SESTRIS hastily.

Sestris. My lords, a heavy burden do I bear—
My faithful friend Epire is struck to death
In fighting to uphold young Hera's name,
And Memnon who dealt out his heavy death
Is no where to be found—Melanthus fled—
His daughter and his household now aboard
An outbound vessel sailing from your roads.

Timoleon. Prince Peleon dead?

Destris. O ! time of heaviness !

Timoleon. A fatal business has this been indeed,
Would that Melanthus had been ruled by us.
Go some of you and find where Memnon hides,

[*Exeunt two or three.*]

For we shall have to answer to Epire
For this young prince's death, search Memnon out
For we must know the whole of this affair
That we may so report on't After this trial
We will with all speed set about this business—
No more delay ; bring forth the prisoners.

*Enter PHAON and SAPPHO guarded, CLEON, PENELOPE, and
CRATES following.*

Sappho.

Sappho. My lord.

Timoleon. Phaon.

Phaon. Here am I my lord.

Timoleon. It grieves us to be judge in such a case,
But pity all away ! Lady you are charged
With seeking to desert your holy office,
A grave offence, made punishable by death.
You sir, as being accessory to the flight
Which she intended in your company
Are guilty of polluting Dian's fane
With sacrilegious purpose—that as well
Doth merit death.

Cleon. My lord a word.

Archidamus. Not so.

My lord Timoleon, I demand your sentence
Upon these gross offenders 'gainst the Gods—
The penalty in either case is death ;
And I would but remind you how the law
Doth ever second our appeal to it
In all such cases.

Timoleon. True, Archidamus,
And we are quite as hard upon this crime
As you yourself, but think of it again,

'Tis not compulsory that both should die
 For one offence—that is not justice sir,
 To deal an equal sentence unto both,
 The least and most offending—Draco is dead.
 We have some free opinion left ourselves,
 Our actions above censure.

Sestris. Let them both die.

Timoleon. Egypt, upon this seat we are supreme.

Cleon (aside). Destroying venom.

Timoleon. Your holy laws judge them both worthy death,
 There's more distinction in our own, and while
 Your grave appeal must be made to ourselves,
 We can condemn or pardon.

Archidamus. You are bent,—
 I read it in your manner, on this thing :
 I cannot see where lies the quality,
 Degree or kind, in any difference
 Between this pair ; but if one must survive
 Then let it not be Sappho, let her die.

Crates. Inhuman dog ! the Gods themselves have pity,
 But you their minister have none at all.

Timoleon. What say you sirs ? I will not doom them
 both.

Pelopidas. My lord, save Sappho.

Aristarchus. So say I my lord.

Sestris. Let Sappho die.

Cleon (aside). O ! devil ! trebly damned !

Phaon. My lord, may I have leave to speak a word ?
 The lady Sappho doth not merit death,
 For she is innocent as sleep itself—
 'Twas I that prompted her to fly with me—
 She was reluctant, I determined,—she
 Did from my purpose strive to put myself—

And did consent scarce knowing what she did
 At my strong urging—Had I a hundred lives
 I'd give them to redeem her innocence
 From such unmerited sentence.

Penelope (to Cleon). O! dreadful hope,
 That like a man hangs o'er a precipice
 In thought supported by a weakling straw.

Cleon. Silence Penelope, give joy no words.

Sappho. My lord, with your permission I will speak,
 For I am guilty, did consent to fly,
 And if you would have death fall on that head,
 Which hath deserved it most; that head is mine,
 I was a priestess sworn by solemn oaths,
 He had no oaths to break—let him not die,
 And I the guilty one survive his death—
 If justice is a fact and not a name,
 Then let it claim its sentence on myself
 And not on Phaon, he deserves not death,
 I will exonerate him—let him live—
 'Tis I must fall, not he.

Timoleon. No more. Perplexity
 Comes with its tangled skein—Phaon stand forth,
 Of sacrilege we do pronounce you guilty,
 Condemning you to death within this hour.

[PHAON is led out.]

Penelope. Cleon your arm! see Sappho droops as dead!

Archidamus. I have a claim then upon Sappho still;
 She being the property of the just Gods
 Must with me to the temple straight return,
 Since nought but death can cancel her given oath
 Unto Diana.

Timoleon. Anything but death,
 Following our sentence.

Sestris. O! she should have died.

Cleon. Penelope, go with her to the temple,
 I have another business now in hand,

Priest look to her ! be careful of her sir,
 Or you will rue it ; all reverence for your office
 By me laid by. For you, you swarth Egyptian,
 Look to yourself ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Temple of Diana.*

Enter LEONIDAS *bearing the dead body of PHAON.*

Leonidas. 'Tis thus I have fulfilled my word to Sappho,
 For she did beckon me unto her side
 As she was passing from the Judgment Hall
 And begged me to possess me of this body,
 Which I did intercede for to the Court,
 And bring it unobserved unto this place,
 And now I bid farewell unto this clay,
 In which the truest heart did beat alive,
 But dead, I shall not follow it again !
 Farewell fair temple, in which lived a spirit
 That made the world more noble with its life.
 Before the sun is risen o'er the earth,
 I also bid farewell to Lesbos' shore. [*Exit.*

Enter SAPPHO.

Sappho. Rest there fair Goblet. O ! my joy in death,
 Not all the winds of heaven lend thee one breath
 To speak one word in Sappho's hungry ear,
 No life for thee, tho' life for all beside !
 And still a smile upon those lips of thine—
 O ! mockery of life !—I read the thought
 That fluttered from thee with thy last drawn breath,
 And hangs even now on heaven. O ! Phaon ! Phaon !
 To meet like this ! that this should be the end,
 Of loves fair promise ! O ! my breathless love !
 Can I not coax thee back to life again—
 List, 'tis thy Sappho speaking unto thee—

O foolish grief!—come resolution—come!
 Give me strength to enact my dreaded part :—
 All other thoughts be gone!—within this Goblet
 There is a poison death doth smile to own.
 I am a priestess still unto revenge,
 And here I pour libations to that Power,
 And now do give myself a sacrifice
 To appease the Manes of my lover dead
 Whose death I helped apace. (*Drinks from Goblet*).

Now do I sleep
 To waken by my love. (*Dies*). [*Enter ARCHIDAMUS*

Archidamus. What sound was that?—O horror!
 Another profanation in their deaths.
 Help! help! help! help! [*Enter TIMOLEON attended.*

Timoleon. What cry for help arrests
 Our midnight progress thro' these silent parts!
 Archidamus, what is this sight! both dead?

Archidamus. I have but instantly discovered them.

Timoleon. A tragic ending to so bright a dream
 Had both these lovers. Who can explain to us
 The circumstances of this puzzling scene—
 Who bore his body here? I see it now,
 His friend Leonidas may be did this—
 That afterwards—well sir? [*Enter MESSENGER.*

Messenger. My lord, our search
 For Memnon is at end, we found him hanged
 Within his chamber—in his clutching hand,
 This written confession of his villany
 In Peleion's love affair. [*Gives TIMOLEON Papers.*

Timoleon (looking at Papers). O wretched man
 To have played so foul a part! What noise is that?

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger. My lord, the aged Cleon all enraged
 Hath with a power raised from his followers,
 And many sympathising Lesbians,
 Driven the prince of Egypt from our shores
 And hitherward he comes. [*Enter CLEON with followers armed*

Timoleon. What have you done ?

Cleon. But half of what I would have done my lord,
I would have so revenged me on that prince
That he should not have lived to answer it.
What sight is this ?—who did this deed ? O answer !
Dead !—who did this my lord ?

Archidamus. Here is the witness
To prove her own hand to the deed—methinks
There was more death within this Goblet sir,
Than that sufficient to destroy her life,
This is the sight I found few moments hence—
When these attracted by my call came in,
And this is all we know.

Cleon. Dead ! Sappho—dead !
O ! what a fearful ending—dead by him,
You would have given your life for—

Archidamus. See, the Gods
Have their own ways of vengeance.

Timoleon. Peace Archidamus !
Now comes repentance after our rash act,
Like to a second messenger on the first
With a bad sequel to the former's news.
Cleon, we do repent us of a sentence
Which drove your ward to this, and to confirm it
We justify your driving forth of Sestris,
And do defy the utmost consequences
That may betide upon it.

Cleon. Would that were your mind
Ere such an issue came. O ! Sappho, Sappho.

Timoleon Now sound a solemn note to suit our thoughts
[*Music.*
And bear these lovers hence—we will ourselves
Attend their funerals with all shew of state,
And testify our grief at love's short date.

Exeunt, some bearing out the dead

POEMS.

GENIUS AND LOVE.

I am so desolate,
Genius sighs—
Come, Love, and be my mate,
Give me thine eyes.

I am weary,
Love, give me rest ;
Leave me not dreary,
Give me thy breast.

The lark looks to heaven,
The flower to the sun ;
But my heart is sore riven
For thy beauty, sweet one.

Give me thy presence,
My life to enfold ;
Then care and sorrow hence,
My life shalt thou hold.

DIRGE.

Biting slander, cold neglect,
Judgment harsh, and callous scoff
Touch thee not ; thou dost not reck
Aught of them, for now cast off,
In the tomb thy body lies,
While thy soul blooms in the skies.

All the poisons of the tongue,
All the buffetings of fate,
Which thy gentle spirit wrung,
Cannot reach thee, 'tis too late :
Thy journey's ended, and, at last,
All the world for thee is past.

 QUEEN BOADICEA'S SONG.

See the heavens their terrors mustering,
 Hark ! the awful thunders crash,
 Lightnings gleaming, armies clustering,
 On each other arm'd to dash ;
 Rome's almighty eagle waving
 Call's us to the welcome strife,
 Now each Briton nobly braving,
 Roman foemen strike for life :
 Victory and liberty !
 We have been and will be free.

Now my country's Bards awaken,
 Thrilling harmonies of war ;
 Sing how Britain ne'er was taken,
 How though dark destruction lower
 Upon our ranks, the Gods will shield
 Briton's from the Roman power,
 We will never ! never ! yield,
 Then prepare ye face the hour.
 Strike for Britain, let your song
 Be of freedom borne along.

 SONG.

Sink gently in the silent sea,
 Die slowly, slowly in the west ;
 Lull'd by the winds sweet minstrelsy
 To golden rest.

Thy wak'ning I shall view no more
 Behind the east's pale shimmering hills ;
 Ere thou arise the tale is o'er
 Of earthly ills.

DESTINY.

Where heaven, bright flashing thro' the deeps
 Of this enduring universe,
 Gleams brilliant with its massy steeps,
 There sits a power to man averse,
 Which ever hurls him to and fro,
 Bound with its chains where'er he go.

'Tis Destiny, that through our life
 To tempt us, drops its golden ball.
 When we are anxious in the strife
 That should secure for us our all,
 Comes Destiny to thwart our aim,
 And leave us nothing but a name.

Fell power ! at war for aye with man,
 Why hauntest thou his game of chance,
 Himself a strange imperfect plan,
 His life a bauble. Cast thy glance
 And shake thy awful brow again,
 Thou can'st not add another pain.

MAKE NO SWEET PROMISES.

Make no sweet promises of truth,
 Fann'd by each breath of love is youth ;
 Let thy sighs speak what words would tell,
 In truth sweet girl they do it well,
 Then let thy promise be a sigh,
 Thy pledge—a tear from that bright eye.

Hark ! 'tis the trumpets brazen call,
 The roll of drums from far does fall,
 I hear the martial tread—farewell ;
 Thy aspect speaks thy heart full well,
 Then let thy promise be a sigh,
 Thy pledge—a tear from that bright eye.

SONG.

It is a solitary land,
 Now thou art gone I feel it more,
 My destiny is strangely plann'd,
 Will sorrow haunt me evermore ?
 The hanging woods, their lovely charms
 Attract me not, the sobbing sea
 Calls forth my woe, my empty arms
 Are stretch'd for ever unto thee.
 I sigh thy name unto the star
 That lights the last decline of day ;
 A mournful voice comes from afar,
 Thy love hears not, he's far away.
 I tell the flowers about my love,
 I prattle of him to the streams,
 My prayers ascend for him above,
 My spirit flies to him in dreams.
 The lonely sun's come forth and set
 Upon this melancholy land,
 And hope puts in his tiny " Yet "
 E'en when Despair hath ta'en his stand.
 The hanging woods, their lovely charms
 Attract me not, the sobbing sea
 Calls forth my woe, my empty arms
 Are stretch'd for ever unto thee.

THE DOUBT.

A youth beside a maiden strayed
 Within the woodland's changing shade.
 " I love her " cried the eager boy,
 The maiden's bosom felt no joy
 At this confession—loves her ?—who ?
 He loves another ? is it true ?
 They were companions free to rove,
 But never had they spoke of love ;
 And fancy heard
 Each building bird
 Sing, O ! he loves another

The lovely maiden's cheek turns pale
 Before the raptured lover's tale,
 She marks what he confides to her,
 She looks on him, the worshipper
 Of some strange beauty, who perchance
 Hath won him by a word or glance,
 And all the maiden's hopes fall dead,
 As on her bosom droops her head,
 While fancy heard
 Each building bird
 Sing, O ! he loves another.

Love triumphed o'er the time and place,
 The maiden with averted face,
 Stooped for a violet on the ground,
 While tears her secret sorrow found.
 " Pardon this trial cried the youth—
 " It is yourself I love in truth,
 I did this but to prove your love,
 Henceforth as friends no more we rove."
 The maiden heard
 Each building bird
 Sing, me ! he loves none other.

THE YOUTH AND THE HARP.

Beside the sea marge damp and cold,
 A lonely youth, with locks of gold,
 Bends o'er an ancient Harp and sings
 The fancy that within him springs.
 The world went by
 With callous eye,
 And wondered at his mood,
 The while he sate,
 A king in state,
 Above the heaving flood.

“ My love is vast as yonder sea,
My soaring thought as broad and free,
But O ! my sorrow is as wide
As thy stone boundaries, surging tide.
My bride is dead !
In earthy bed,
They laid her beauty rare,
Hope, thou are gone,
I am alone
With memory and despair.

“ Ye burning stars that ceaseless roll,
Ye know the secret of my soul,
Ye speaking winds and roaring main
Know ye the burdens that remain ?
Nor time, nor space,
Can hide that face
In all their regions vast,
Tho' thing so frail,
Love cannot fail
While life and memory last.

“ I cast my Harp within the sea,
But still the hidden memory
Keeps ringing on within my brain,
And renders its destruction vain.
The winds repeat,
The sea waves beat
Their music to its strain.
The song resounds
Thro' nature's bounds,
It will not sleep again.”

SUMMER.

Hail ! season of delight and song,
 Once more you tint the glowing skies,
 And wake the busy insect throng
 While strewing earth with thousand dyes,
 The primrose and anemones,
 The daisy prim and violet blue
 In clustering colonies arise
 Where'er I turn my raptured view,
 Still speaking to the heart of things for ever new.

And now the sun is high o'erhead,
 The noontide silence reigns around,
 The floweret droops its weary head,
 And echo listens for a sound.
 Now far away I catch the bound
 Of sea-waves and the distant splash,
 Within the forest shades has found
 An answering voice, the whirring dash
 Of startled bird resounds from yonder moss-grown ash.

Here I at large, could moralize
 Upon the mis-spent life of man,
 Comparing him to that which lies
 For our good heed thro' nature's plan.
 But lo ! an end to day's bright span,
 The sun is dropping in the main,
 The evening breeze begins to fan
 The parched woods, while his last strain
 The song-bird pours away upon the dark'ning plain.

O ! summer passing fast away,
 Would I could live with thee for ever,
 Where never sorrow, age, decay
 The spirit from its joy could sever ;
 But thou art passing, passing, never
 Again to render up the past,
 And hours spent with thee, down time's river
 Remorselessly thy hands have cast—
 Will they ne'er live again ? only in memory last ?

MAY DAY.

The virgin snowdrop long hath sprung and died,
While yet the frowns of winter chill'd the smile
Of new born spring ; hence blustering March hath hied
And tearful April left our ancient isle.
Sweet May hath come ! the cookoo sings more loud,
A deeper blue spreads o'er the arching skies,
The skylark pours her song from higher cloud,
And from the earth a thousand strains arise.
Love wakes fond wishes in the amorous maid,
And dreaming youth divines what love must be
While innocently walking in the shade,
Ere beauty's form hath struck his fantasy.
Season of love of mirthfulness and song,
Fair holiday of earth ! how welcome thou !
Tho' brief thy stay, our thoughts shall make it long—
We'll have no past or future, but the now.

A WISH.

Thou art too fair a thing to tread this earth,
Where misery and woe lie round thy way,
And I could wish that climes had seen thy birth
Where nature throws her brightest, loveliest, ray,
And silent sloping shores, that touch great seas,
Are laden with blushing flowers and fruitfnl trees.
There by some hanging cascades golden roll,
Deep in the silence of deep shadowy vales,
To thee I would pour out my inmost soul,
Filling with music summer's fragrant gales,
And in the pauses of each dying strain,
List, while our hearts beat softly the refrain.

HYMN TO MUSIC.

Thou who dost dwell, and art a living passion
 In nature's soul—Music—I sing of thee.
 O ! how can thought of man or language fashion
 Unto the mind the might of harmony !
 The very hope is blissful vanity ;
 Yet, by the power of fancy hurled along,
 My spirit with compelling melody
 Beats rapturously ! far off ! I catch the song
 Of spirits lost, the shimmering heights of heaven among.

On golden clouds and rainbows bright, descending
 Far thro' the many coloured universe,
 Fair trains of spirits beautiful are wending
 Their rosy way to harmony and verse ;
 Their very presence steals away the curse
 Which lies on nature—these are they who hold
 Each sun and star in their appointed course.
 The dream of sage Pythagoras, behold—
 Lo ! music's golden wing the universe enfold.

See ! on a throne of brightness as the sun,
 Great Homer strikes his high immortal lyre,
 And as the master's fingers lightly run
 Along the ranges of the sounding wire ;
 See ! Plato kindle with the mystic fire
 Of inspiration as he bends below.
 The strings are struck, and higher, higher, higher !
 The perfect notes swell rapid now, now slow,
 And anon scarcely heard so distant, sweet, and low.

But what is yon fair spirit crown'd with stars
 Around whose feet a thousand others play.
 Lo ! there are trumpets sounding to the wars,
 The tragic song of woe, the lovely lay,
 Love's many toned harp—the sad, the gay,
 The various music of humanity,
 All these are there, lit by the glorious ray
 Of genius, and the sea of harmony
 Rolls perfect in its sound, resistless, vast and free.

This is th' Hellenic mind, the embodiment
 Of intellect and genius, view her well ;
 Upon her robe, there is no seam or rent,
 But all is perfect— say what tongue can tell
 Her glory ?—her without a parallel !
 The civilizer of a thousand worlds
 Springing to life in time—renown doth fill
 His trumpet with her name, while peace unfurls
 Her banner, and despair to the past's darkness hurls.

This is the greatest legacy of time,
 A harvest in itself—and yet a seed
 Of that within the future, when sublime
 Man shall arise from guilt and error freed—
 Nay, smile not at the hope !—it is decreed :
 We dream not of the summits which man's mind
 Will yet attain—what visions bright succeed
 Each other as the changing strains unwind :
 All thought ! all life ! all joy ! are by their Power confined.

O ! SHOULD WE MEET AGAIN.*

Though years have fled unheeded by,
 And hearts and hopes have changed
 Yet O ! how oft sweet memory's eye
 Across the past hath ranged,
 While hopes young voice in music broke
 Repeating one loved strain,
 And thus it ran as love awoke—
 O ! should we meet again !
 O ! should we meet again dear heart,
 O ! should we meet again,
 No power in time should make us part
 If we should meet again.

*This song, having been previously set to music, is here printed at the desire of some who admire it more than the writer does himself.

What though we deem affection dead,
And smile away the past,
And shake at youth our wiser head
And say it cannot last ;
Yet even then we touch a chord,
Which proves our lesson vain,
The wish escapes us in the word,
O ! should we meet again,
O ! should we meet again dear heart,
O ! should we meet again,
No power in time should make us part,
If we should meet again.

Time takes more wisdom than it gives,
More truth than it imparts,
When sad experience only lives
To mock the simpler hearts,
Pack age and time and sorrow hence,
Which wrongly judge of gain,
Come hope imbue each longing sense
Until we meet again,
Until we meet again dear heart,
Until we meet again,
No power in time shall make us part
When we do meet again.

COUNSEL.

O ! that this calculating soul would cease
To forecast accidents, time's limping errors,
And take the present with the present's peace,
Instead of filling life's poor day with terrors.
We would forestall the wisdom of the skies
By possibilities and half-drawn plans,
And flounder on where we should nimbly rise,
And in despair sit down with folded hands.

There is no certainty in happiness,
 Nor does a sorrow live throughout our life,
 We shew our wisdom when we onward press,
 For still th' anticipation of the strife
 Is than the strife more dreadful, and has been,
 The shades of fears far off are soonest seen.

THE ORDER OF THE WORLD.

My heart sinks when I look upon the world
 And see the wronger cased in evil might,
 The bloody flag of hell at large unfurled,
 While vice and misery clothe themselves in night,
 The cry of innocence, the growl of lust,
 Fair claims despised, and unjust avarice,
 Merit and honour trampled in the dust,
 While sin and virtue are made casting dice,
 Shook in the cup of custom, held by time,
 With all humanity to watch the game.
 Time was when all injustice, woe, and crime
 Were straight redressed by heroes of fair fame.
 O ! that we had those old knights' chivalry,
 The wronged to succour, and the slave to free.

A MEMORY OF LOVE.

How sweet the transient dream and reverie,
 Like twilight's purple wing, sank on my heart
 In that fair season when I sat by Thee
 List'ning thy song that shamed Apollo's art.
 Love breathes upon my memory, and I see
 The scene within my mind lost in time past,
 The ceaseless sun descending in the sea,
 The hugh dark waves against the boulders cast
 The solitude of nature, if such be,
 The momentary lull, broke by the roar
 Of billows, or the sea birds noisy glee
 Around the time-sapp'd crags and gully's hoar ;
 While thou wert by me : still in these I find
 A shadow of thy presence left behind.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

You hasten to the past, and it is best,
The curtain falls upon the finished play.
The year is dead, hushed in eternal rest
After the changes of its shattered day.
This is our consolation, all things changing,
Bring joy and sorrow in alternate rounds,
While the kind heavens are silently arranging
Our destiny's deep throes, and lighter bounds.
I am my own consoler, and uphold
The two-fold side of this stained life with hope,
Neither too timid, nor yet overbold,
I venture with the full arm'd times to cope.
Then may this new-cut page of time, be one
On which I shall complete the good begun.

MUSIC.

Give me sweet music I am sick with care,
And for an hour let the world pass by
Like a young dream dissolved in morning's air,
Before the waves of some low melody.
Music ! thou fabled spirit of the skies
Come at my invitation, wake thy shell,
While far before thy presence sorrow hies,
A moment let me in Elysium dwell ;
Then, as the notes all rapturously blending,
Create sweet fancies in this idle brain,
Let poetry on evening clouds ascending,
Her far hid thought add to thy glowing strain,
While I will muse in fair ideal climes,
Evoked by harmony and flowing rhymes.

THE PARTING.

Thy secret to my too enquiring eye
 Is painted in the pages of thy cheek ;
 My counsel's comfort, ending with a sigh,
 Shew me but like thyself as fond and weak.
 In vain my hope would struggle into speech,
 And be a loving prophet, saying this—
 " We meet again ere long." I cannot teach
 My heart to credit such a promised bliss,
 And so I press thy hand, and kiss thy eyes
 Washed by upwelling tears, and only feel
 The future all a blank ; I lose my prize
 And gain a sorrow, comfort cannot heal.
 We part in grief, silent as that vast fate
 That rules all mortal lives in ancient state.

ALONE.

Panting for that great calm that hangs o'er heaven
 Profound and vast as God, here am I thrown,
 Felled with th' rebounding stroke by sorrow, given
 With all my gladness, shrunken to a moan.
 Erewhile my spirit like a well tuned lyre,
 Sent forth delicious strains beneath the hands
 Of winged embodied thoughts, all love and fire,
 In essence and in motion, spirit bands
 That nursed the native joyfulness of life ;
 But in the midst of my life's happy strain
 Came an erratic spirit full of strife
 And laid his hand all paralyzed with pain,
 On the sweet strings tremulous with my joy.
 To fill the gentle hours with annoy.

A LOVER'S MEDITATION · ON HIS LADY.

The lonely thoughts that issue from my mind,
 Fill this small room with shadows of the world,
 Where the unstable state of all mankind
 Before reflection's eye is strangely hurled.
 O ! foolish man to reckon on a joy,
 Thy trust is founded in uncertainty,
 Our hopes do make us fools, a cherished toy
 Shew us but children still—yet but for Thee
 This life were valueless. Thou art a gem
 Set on the wrinkled forehead of wide death,
 Whose glad diffusive splendour doth condemn
 All thought that undervalues human breath.
 Indebted unto fortune least of all,
 Yet having Thee, still rich, though fortunes thrall.

LOVE AND EARTH'S ECHOES.

I Lover.

Love that is spoken often dies,
 Quick as the light in evening skies,
 Or as a song upon the year,
 And leaves no answering spirit near :
 Wilt thou be true ? Shall I ne'er rue
 My plighted faith ? Wilt thou be true ?

Echo.

Wilt thou be true ?

2 Lover.

That doubt, O ! maiden do not name,
Changeless as yon eternal flame,
My spirit evermore shall be
In its full worshipping of thee.
I will be true ! Thou shalt not rue
Thy plighted faith ! I will be true !

Echo.

I will be true.

1 Lover.

O ! Love, I mourned thy broken faith,
And now I live to mourn thy death,
And, like the echo ringing clear,
Thy voice was false within my ear.
"I will be true." O ! echo earth
Are these things only for your mirth ?

Echo.

Only for—mirth.

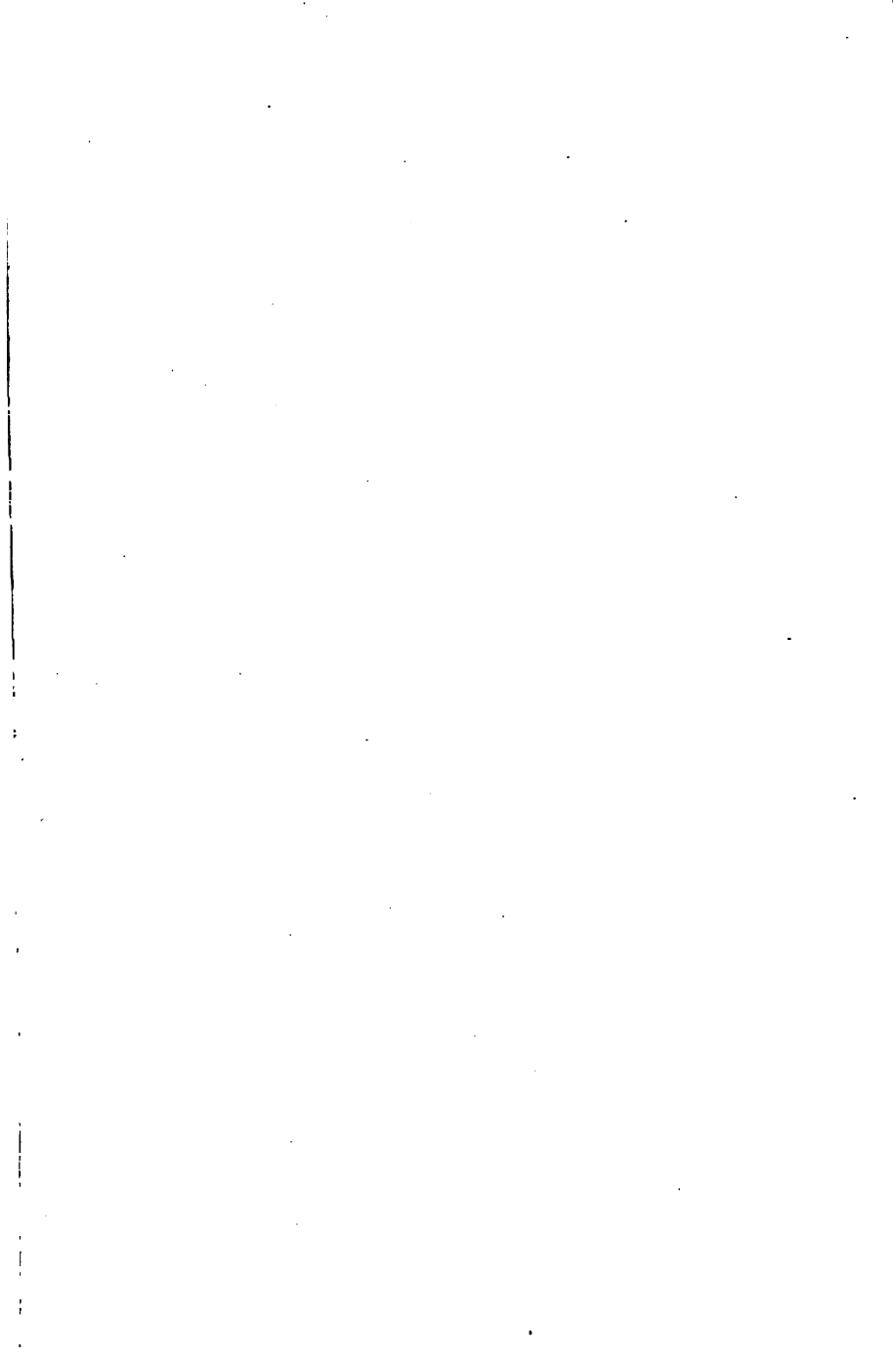
CORRIGENDUM.

Page 58. *For*
They are not in view now.

Though now

Read.
They are not now in view.

Though





This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

